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CHRONICLE.

THE engagement of the Duke of CLARENCE to "the Lady MAY" (as our better-tasted ancestors would have called her before the trumpery habit of Princes and Princesses was brought in) will please everybody who is worth pleasing. An Englishman cannot do better than marry an English girl, which the Princess VICTORIA MARY of TECK (new style) practically is. And besides, the Duke had such extraordinary luck in going abroad for his mother that he could hardly expect a repetition of it in going abroad for his wife. Prince GEORGE of WALES (by the way, his brother's marriage would be a good occasion for giving him some more English title) is believed to be much better. The PRINCE of WALES, who is a Prince, made pleasant reference to both these family matters at the Civil Service dinner, on Wednesday.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. The story of what happened in Mr. RUSSELL SAGE's office at New York, yesterday week, surpasses the liveliest attempts in fiction. "Lobster-cracking" is commonplace to it; but naturally we cannot tell it here.—On Monday the news from China was rather better; and that from Brazil full of quiet comedy of a very high order. The Governor of Rio Janeiro, we learn, "regards the agitation for his removal as 'the outcome of an unseemly intrigue for power.'" How unprecedented! The National Party in Rio Grande "wish 'their friends to be employed.'" How singular!—A full description of the great earthquakes in Japan was published on Tuesday morning; when also arrived news of the projected commercial interpretation of the Triple Alliance, which, with Belgium and Switzerland adhering, will establish, not exactly a Zollverein, but an approach to one, from Ostend to Syracuse. The debates on the subject in the Reichstag began on Thursday, when General CAPRIVI made a great speech.—The election of Mr. CRISP as Speaker of the American Congress is to some extent a triumph for the free silver party.—The new tobacco monopoly in Persia continues to give great dissatisfaction.—A deputation of persons interested in the West Coast of Africa waited on Lord KNUTSFORD on Tuesday to remonstrate with the recent concessions to the French. The fact is, that we have allowed more than one march to be stolen upon us in that quarter, where the French are displaying much more energy and ability than have marked most of their recent colonial transactions. The complicated intermixture of European coast possessions makes the doctrine of Hinterland very difficult to apply; but there is no doubt that the French policy of cutting off communications with the interior may in course of time make our coast possessions almost useless.—The relations between Canada and Newfoundland on the bait and tariff questions are no better, indeed rather worse.—At the Royal Colonial Institute on Tuesday Sir E. BRADDON attempted a vindication of Australia from recent supposed attacks, which really was not needed.—The PRESIDENT's Message to Congress contains references to the Behring Straits affair, to the dispute with Italy about the New Orleans lynchings, and to that with Chili about the drunken American sailors at Valparaiso, which are dignified, sensible, and remarkably superior to the previous utterances of Mr. HARRISON's Foreign Minister; a further reference to the dispute between England and Venezuela which might seem impertinent if it were not remembered that a President must brandish the MONROE doctrine now and then; and a very decided pronouncement against free silver.—Both the French Chambers have been considerably occupied with debates on the relations of Church and State, during the week, as a sequel to the rather foolish

brag of the bishops, and the much more foolish bishop-baiting of the Republican authorities.—Lieutenant MANSFIELD, R.N.R., lost his life in a balloon accident at Bombay on Thursday.

Home Politics. The Carmarthen boroughs are in a dreadful state. Hard on their notification to the Bard of Hades that he may go to his own place, as far as they are concerned, comes the horrid news that the sitting member has turned Unionist—has become, as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT will doubtless say, if he has not forgotten his *Anne of Geierstein*, "the CAMPOBASSO of 'Carmarthen.'"—The Gladstonians in Sussex were afraid to oppose the re-election of Lord WALTER LENNOX, who was consequently returned on Wednesday.

Rural Reform. The Gladstonians, remembering how they rode into office on the agricultural labourer six years ago, and then, in the heat of the moment, forgot all about him, are endeavouring to repeat the first part of the proceeding, perhaps also the second. They had a conference on Thursday, at which that noted agriculturist, Dr. SPENCE WATSON, presided, and hard-handed, rough-mannered toilers like Mr. CYRIL FLOWER and Mr. ROBERT SPENCER acted as sidesmen. Genuine Hodges came forward and told as how their missuses had bidden them shake the hand of the Grand Old Man "for the sake of me and the 'children,' get more money 'to maintain our household' (exactly the words Mrs. Hodge would use), disestablish the Church, and so on. And it was all werry capital; and does Mr. SCHNADHORST the highest credit. Even Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS could not have done it much better.

Speeches. Lord CROSS spoke with more animation than has for some time been customary with him, at Henley, yesterday week, making timely reference to the independence of Persia, but keeping a rather provoking silence on that subject of the Pamirs which we really want to hear about. Mr. GLADSTONE, at Hawarden, plumed himself on having abolished purchase, and, as he seems to think, filled the army with recruits six feet high, forty-two inches round the chest, belonging to the best sections of the working- and middle-class population, and crowding in such numbers that the army does not know what to do with them. Nor doubtless would the contrary declarations of forty thousand recruiting sergeants convince Mr. GLADSTONE of the loathsome opposite which is the real fact. "Only destroy, and reconstruction will come of 'itself'" has been his unconscious motto now for some six-and-twenty years, and he has never been false to it. Mr. MORLEY spoke at Oldham on Saturday, and was evidently very cross with Mr. CHAPLIN (we doubt even whether, like ROWENA, he "forgave him as a Christian") about the strong clays of Essex. But Mr. MORLEY's plea that he is no agriculturist will not suffice. You are bound to have the science of your subjects, and if you will talk about golden grain waving in a place where golden grain absolutely declines to wave at any cost consistent with the fiscal regulations you yourself approve and champion, you must take the consequences. On the same day Mr. JACKSON and Sir LYON PLAYFAIR spoke at Leeds; the latter on Protection in the fearless old "Great is Free-trade of the Mancunians" fashion. Sir JOHN GORST spoke at Manchester on Monday on the now favourite topic of what to do with the agricultural labourer. Why not let him alone? On Tuesday Mr. CHAMBERLAIN spoke at Birmingham (on Cruelty to Children), Lord CADOGAN at York, and Mr. LABOUCHERE at Northampton. Mr. LABOUCHERE addressed himself with his usual faultless taste to the subject of the Duke of CLARENCE's engagement, and offered to take the PRINCE of WALES's "situation" for 100,000*l.* a year and find himself. But England could not afford that; it would be cheaper



to pay Mr. LABOUCHERE a million not to take the place, which, after all, requires certain not indistinct qualifications.—Mr. GOSCHEN spoke elaborately and carefully at Glasgow on Wednesday on politics and finance generally; what time Mr. GLADSTONE at Northampton railway station was gracefully discussing the CHANCELLOR's one pound note scheme as a "quack measure." Frankly, we had not thought Mr. GLADSTONE had yet fallen so low. You may like one-pound notes, or you may not—we prefer sovereigns ourselves—but Mr. GLADSTONE is the first Gladstonian, we think, who has dealt with the proposal otherwise than as an honest attempt to solve a real difficulty. But, indeed, the intellectual *baisse* in that unlucky party seems to be general. On the same day we had Mr. MORLEY at the Eighty Club (which feasted Dr. SPENCE WATSON, with poor Lord SPENCER in his usual rôle of would-be cheerful skeleton at the feast) asking if "Gladstonian" is not as good a name as "Salisburyian," and others. Alas for the blunting of once keen intelligences! Why certainly, Mr. MORLEY, if there were such things as Salisburyans or Hartingtonians. But, as it happens, the Unionist party follows a principle and the Gladstonian party follows a master. We do not say that we have "got our orders"; they do.

A very acrimonious and rather idle polygonal Correspondence quarrel arose at the end of last week between

Mr. BRODRICK, M.P., the *Times*, Sir GEORGE CHESNEY, Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER, and a few others, in consequence of the UNDER-SECRETARY's remarks at Aldershot on Thursday week. Why people cannot keep their tempers in such matters, and why critics should suppose themselves sacrosanct from criticism, is more than a plain man can apprehend.—The everlasting question of Latin pronunciation having been started again, Mr. T. L. PAPILLON, whose scholarship few men are entitled to question, wrote a letter taking the sensible line that it is better to pronounce Latin as what is certainly good English than to make shots which are, at least probably, neither English, Latin, nor anything else ever spoken by a human being.—A very important letter in the *Times* on Thursday morning called attention to a far graver point than most of those touched in the recent army wrangle—the continued and, as things stand, hopeless damage done to the efficiency of our soldiers by the filthy and foolish fanaticism of some and the pusillanimous submission of other members of Parliament in the matter of the Contagious Diseases Acts.

The Law Courts.

Lady RUSSELL's demand for a separation from her husband was refused yesterday week with costs, the jury deciding, after a very strong summing-up by the President, that Lord RUSSELL had not been guilty of cruelty. The most noteworthy thing in the case—which in the main turned out much less black than the gossips had painted it—was the utter recklessness and cruelty of the imputations upon third parties. No doubt women are better than men in some ways; but certainly no man, save an utter scoundrel or a perfect fool, could have brought himself to use the weapons which, apparently, seemed quite natural to a young lady of more than average intelligence, and apparently not chargeable with anything worse than a bad temper.—*DUPLANY v. DUPLANY* but feebly comforted those whom the speedy termination of *RUSSELL v. RUSSELL*, and its lack of the expected revelations of "horful depravity in 'igh life," had saddened.—The County Council's case, wherein that body—which Mr. HARRISON and Lord MONKSWELL at once adorn and adore—are concerned with certain East End licenses, has been heard but not decided.—An unusual number of interesting cases appeared in Wednesday's newspapers. In the Royal Aquarium *v. PARKINSON* (better known as the Marionette case), the sacred right of County Councillors to slander received a blow from Mr. Justice HAWKINS, who gave judgment for the amount of the verdict. In the curious action of *PINNOCK v. CHAPMAN*, a verdict for libel was found, with 200*l.* damages. No imputation rests on the publishers or on their reader, who was no less a person than Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH; but it will probably make both publishers and readers more on the watch against the peculiarly offensive habit which many writers who wish to be novelists, and even some who are, have of putting real persons into what they call a story. A rule was obtained in the Spinning House case, and the hearing, which was fixed for yesterday, may possibly lead to some adjustment of the matter. This, as it at present stands at Cambridge, seems to afford handles to the dirty hands of a combination of enemies of Universities, fanatics for the rights of the masses, and the purity gang.

The Court of Appeal, with, we think, general approval, reversed the decision of the Divisional Court in the MAYBRICK insurance case. It is well known that a man cannot, or should not be able to, profit by his own wrongdoing; but it is at least equally undesirable that he should be relieved of his contract obligations in consequence of the wrongdoing of somebody else, and to the detriment of innocent third parties. Another insurance case, turning on insurable interest, was also decided for the insured, some very severe things being said by the Court as to the conduct of the Company, and leave to appeal being refused. Lastly, the verdicts in the Chelsea Socialists' meeting cases were somewhat mixed, no convictions being obtained for riot, but some for unlawful assembly and obstruction.—Mr. CRAWFORD, aged nine, and Mr. SHEARON, aged eight, the interesting children who murdered another child at Liverpool, were let off on Thursday on the ground of irresponsibility, which is not quite satisfactory. They could not very well have been made to stretch the rope; but they might have felt its end with immense benefit.

The third serious gale since the Equinox came Miscellaneous. on Monday. It was short, but very sharp, and the Channel packets were especially maltreated, the *Victoria* failing to get into Calais, and having to return maimed to Dover. The wind, after lulling on Tuesday and Wednesday, rose again on Wednesday night, and blew a gale in the Channel on Thursday; but only general reports of the results of this have been received.—The MARGARET of Marylebone has succumbed to Sir EDWARD WATKIN-FAUST, and Lord's will no longer be a bulwark against the addition of a new, and perfectly unnecessary, railway terminus. The Club did more nobly next day by postponing the Australian invitation to 1894.—A somewhat important circular on the effect of recent alterations of the law in reference to penal servitude has been issued by the Home Office to judges and persons in the position of a judge.—Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON delivered at the Royal Academy on Thursday an elaborate address to the students on French Architecture.—The Westminster Play (the *Phormio* this time) had its first performance on Thursday, on which day a deputation in favour of University Extension waited on Lord CRANBROOK.

It is impossible not to be sorry for His Obituary. Majesty Dom PEDRO, sometime Emperor of the Brazils, but it is as impossible wholly to esteem him. He played all his life long with Liberalism, to the extent of forgetting the very *mot* of one of his predecessors in that dangerous game concerning *son métier*; his mania for rambling about the world accustomed his subjects to do without him; and, when the fatal moment came, he would not shoot. A king who won't shoot at shooting-time ignores the most important part of his office, and deserves to lose it.—Mr. STEPHEN WOLFE FLANAGAN was an Irish ex-judge of very high character and long public service.—Sir ARTHUR BLYTH and Sir WILLIAM MACLEAY, the former of whom died in England, Agent-General for South Australia, were both prominent Australian colonists.—In Mr. EGERTON WARBURTON, an excellent landlord, an excellent sportsman, and no mean man of letters, who had nearly reached the age of ninety, yet another of the older race of English squires has dropped off.—Lady JACKSON was an extremely industrious maker of sometimes prettily illustrated books about France, Sir A. RAMSAY a distinguished geologist, M. HUNFALVY the principal Hungarian philologist.

Dr. GOULBURN's *Life of the late Dean BURGON*, Books, &c. a man of the most unconquerable idiosyncrasy and of sterling worth (MURRAY); Mr. STEBBINGS's *Life of Raleigh* (Clarendon Press), and a one-volume edition of Mr. LOWELL's *Poems* (MACMILLAN), are the chief books of the week.—CORNELIUS's *Barber of Bagdad* was produced with success at the Savoy Theatre on Wednesday.

MR. GOSCHEN AT GLASGOW.

IN the first of the series of excellent speeches delivered by him at Glasgow the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER fixed, as might have been expected, on Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's indirect criticism of the relations between the Conservative party and their leaders. The opportunity for retort was indeed too tempting to be missed; and we are glad that in availing himself of it Mr. GOSCHEN quoted

once more that delightful Newcastle delegate whom he first introduced to the public in his recent speech at Edinburgh, and whom we feel that we have never yet properly welcomed in these columns. At a moment when Dr. SPENCE WATSON was being "dined" by the Eighty Club, and Mr. MORLEY was pointing proudly (yet surely also a little uneasily) to their honoured guest, and exclaiming "Call him—call that 'statesmanlike orator a 'wirepuller'!"—it is pleasant, we say, at such a moment to read once more the account given by this excellent delegate of the proceedings at the immortal Newcastle Conference:—"I have attended many 'public gatherings, but never one conducted on these 'autocratic lines. A number of resolutions drawn up in 'secret conclave by the executive are submitted one by one 'to the assembly, nominally for its approval and ratification, which resolutions, by the way, are carefully kept 'from every one's knowledge until the delegates enter the 'hall, and then in each case the instant the official speakers 'have concluded, without one moment's pause, without 'even asking whether any delegate desired to offer any 'remarks in a contrary sense, the resolution was rushed 'through." Whatever the faults of the Gladstonian organization, said Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT loftily the other day, "we do not 'previous-question' the proposals of our 'leaders." This is much as though the convicted of a Jedwood jury should take credit to himself for not having delayed the proceedings by frivolous and vexatious demurrers. It is clear that to "previous-question" anything in the Newcastle programme one would have had to be very "previous" indeed. The President of the Conference, as we gather from the delegate, whose style is not the least fascinating part of his protest, might be trusted to take care of that. "His *sic volo, sic jubeo* is superb. *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*" Well, the delegate has, at any rate, exposed the President's *cui bono* now, and that, too, in all its naked deformity.

On the whole, it occurs to us as probable that we may not hear very much more chaff from Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT on the subject of Conservative dissensions. His usefulness to his opponents, however, which is at all times considerable, has of late been conspicuous. He has not only supplied them by his maladroit merriment aforesaid with the most telling opportunity of contrasting the political attitude of the Conservative and Gladstonian parties to the great advantage of the former, but he has also surpassed all his colleagues in the frankness with which he has admitted the true position of the Home Rule question both in itself and in relation to the other items of the Newcastle programme, in the counsels of his party. Mr. GOSCHEN dealt to excellently humorous effect with this point in the last and longest of his three speeches, that delivered at the meeting in St. Andrew's Hall. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has, as the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER reminds us, given in "magniloquent and rather abstract language" an exact description of the way in which the "multifarious" catalogue of reforms—as he prophetically described it long before the Conference met at Newcastle—are related to each other. "Home Rule stands first," he says, "but Home 'Rule has a reflexive and reciprocal influence on other 'questions." Mr. GOSCHEN's translation of this—a version which will convince any one that Latin and not Saxon is the true language of politics—is "scratch my back and I 'will scratch yours." It is dreadfully bald and crude, but it is impossible to deny either its spirit or its accuracy. And its particular application to Scotland is too obvious to need pointing out. If the Disestablisher will scratch the back of the Home Ruler, he may reckon on the "reflexive 'and reciprocal" administration of a similar counter-irritant to himself. There is, however, one little difficulty as to the arrangement in this case, and Mr. GOSCHEN has in his usual inconvenient fashion pointed it out. The "ca' 'me, ca' thee" bargain can hardly be carried out except on the assumption that Home Rule and Disestablishment can legitimately be "run" together, and this Mr. GLADSTONE will learn with annoyance is just what the captious CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER denies. "It will not do," he says, "to submit the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church 'of Scotland as a side issue at the coming contest." But since it clearly will not do for the Gladstonians to submit the question in any other way—since the little game of reflexiveness and reciprocity depends for its mere possibility on the joint submission of Home Rule and Disestablishment, they will naturally protest against Mr. GOSCHEN's doctrine. In which protest, we regret to say, they will be exhibiting signal disloyalty, not to say gross disrespect, to their revered

leader, who was—and of course, therefore, being Mr. GLADSTONE, is—a staunch supporter of it. As he reminded Scotchmen in 1879, "Even in the case of the Irish Church, 'which was far weaker than that of the Scottish Church, 'there was, after the subject had been raised in Parliament, a dissolution expressly upon this. The verdict of the country was given only after full trial 'and consideration, and this is what the Established 'Church of Scotland fairly and justly asks." Some people might have contended—we can conceive Mr. GLADSTONE contending in 1879, had the circumstances differed—that the dissolution which preceded the Disestablishment of the Irish Church did not take place "expressly upon this issue," but was simply the necessary constitutional relegation to the new constituencies of a Parliament which had lost its representative character by the passing of the Reform Act of 1867. Seeing, however, that this was not Mr. GLADSTONE's view in 1879, his character and antecedents forbid us to doubt that it will continue not to be his opinion in 1891.

So wide is the range of topics covered by the longest of Mr. GOSCHEN's speeches that we must content ourselves with noting but one or two others. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER took a good deal—but not, we are afraid, at all a superfluous amount—of trouble to expose that unscrupulous exploitation of popular ignorance of what Gladstonians call criticism of finance. Dr. CAMERON is not a very important member of the Gladstonian party; but he is, in many respects, a typical one, and what a man like Dr. CAMERON finds it in him to say about Mr. GOSCHEN's Conversion scheme is, we may be certain, the kind of stuff which is talked to those whom it is likely to deceive by dozens and scores of his political friends. They are not always so unlucky as this particular "smasher" in having their counterfeit coin so promptly nailed to the counter; and few of them possibly go about the business in quite so audacious a way. But we have no doubt at all that when they find an opportunity of talking to the uneducated, or even merely to the puzzle-headed, elector about the Conversion scheme without the fear of the newspaper reporter before their eyes, they tell them, as Dr. CAMERON told them, that that measure is the mere iniquity of "a greedy CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, who 'has robbed the widow and the orphan" of a portion of the scanty interest on their modest investments because they have no votes. Considered as a combination of the blankly mendacious with the fraudulently misleading this statement is worthy—and we can give it no higher praise—of a place in the Financial Reform Almanac. One knows not whether most to admire the imputation of greed to a financier whose sole and successfully accomplished object has been to save the taxpayers of the country—among whom widows and orphans are, we presume, included—a large annual sum in interest on the National Debt, or the suggestion that between five or six hundred millions of Consols affected by the Conversion scheme were all held by persons "who had no votes." It matters little that certain of the Opposition leaders are willing to give, or are ashamed not to give, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER fair credit for the services which he has been able to render to the national finance. Though when Mr. GOSCHEN included their commander-in-chief in this generous acknowledgment, he was unaware that Mr. GLADSTONE, affected perhaps by the atmosphere of Northampton and the urbane presence of Mr. LABOUCHERE, had just described the proposal for strengthening the metallic reserve as a "quack scheme." For on financial as on agricultural matters, the Gladstonians employ two styles of address—one which maintains some decency of outward respect for facts and fairness, and is reserved for the educated public, and another which is intended for the ears of the ignorant, and casts all such consideration to the winds.

LIGHT SENTENCES.

MR. HOPWOOD, Q.C., the Recorder of Liverpool, during his five years and a half of judicial office has set himself to reduce the severity of sentences, and to try whether a short term of imprisonment will not be equally deterrent besides being more reformatory. A good many complaints have been made of Mr. Hopwood's undue lenity, and being a human as well as a humane Recorder he has probably erred. But the general results have been satisfactory, and his own vindication of himself published

in Tuesday's papers appears to be complete. The correspondent to whom Mr. HORWOOD wrote this very cogent and exhaustive reply had cited the heavy calendar at the present Liverpool Assizes as proof that Mr. HORWOOD's method was a failure. Now, as Lord PALMERSTON once said, there is nothing so delusive as facts, except figures. A hundred prisoners, though a large number, is unhappily not rare at Liverpool. But at the Liverpool Assizes, as Mr. HORWOOD's correspondent might have remembered, prisoners are arraigned from all parts of Lancashire, including such populous towns as Blackburn, Preston, and Oldham. Even from Manchester come those cases where the committal has been subsequent to the holding of the Manchester Assizes. These considerations reduce the indigenous criminals of Liverpool to thirty or forty among a population which exceeds half a million. But Mr. HORWOOD has a better answer than that, and he has given it in his charge to the grand jury at the Liverpool Sessions. "Never," says the Chief Constable, from whom Mr. HORWOOD quotes, "never, since 'the first publication of returns of crime in Liverpool, 'have the statistics disclosed so small an amount of crime, 'or so large a success in making criminals amenable to 'justice, as those for the year ended September 29, 1891.' Inasmuch as returns of this kind were first compiled at Liverpool in 1857, the force and significance of this diminution can hardly be exaggerated. Nor are the details less encouraging than the total effect. 'Each class of crime 'shares in the general improvement.' Burglary, house-breaking, and serious crimes of violence have all been sensibly reduced since Mr. HORWOOD became Recorder. The Chief Constable thus prominently put forward by Mr. HORWOOD is not an unduly favourable witness. He regards Mr. HORWOOD as too mild, which is not altogether surprising when we reflect that the Recorder has lowered the previous rate of punishment by no less than two-thirds, thus remitting at least fifteen hundred years of imprisonment. A shorter period is said to have been held by Bishop WILBERFORCE as virtually equivalent to eternity, and as therefore complying with the standard of orthodox belief.

Of course, all advocates of light sentences, or of any other practical change, must be prepared for the argument that sequence does not necessarily prove the relation of cause and effect. *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc* is a familiar formula with many people who know little Latin and less logic. Mr. PETER TAYLOR and other opponents of the lash are always ready to explain that the disappearance of garrotting immediately after the introduction of flogging was only an accident. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the vulgar are of opinion that the cat was as much the death of garrotting as the Countess of SUFFOLK was the mother of her son. Mr. HORWOOD is not the only civilizing agency in Liverpool. There are clergymen and there are schools. What Mr. HORWOOD is entitled to say is that the consequences predicted by antagonists of his system have not followed it, but that it has, on the contrary, been followed by a steady and substantial decrease of crime. It is, indeed, an axiom as true as old that certainty of conviction and not severity of punishment keeps people from breaking the law. The vast majority of offences would never have been perpetrated if the offender had been perfectly sure that he would undergo six months' hard labour. To this rule there are, no doubt, specific and conspicuous exceptions, especially where personal vengeance is the motive of the culprit. But a Recorder seldom has to do with these, or with those skilful and deliberate frauds by men in a fiduciary position which require exemplary treatment. Unfortunately no uniform principle of punishment can be established under the present forms of judicial administration. An instance in point suggests itself immediately. Mr. WEST, the Recorder of Manchester, disagrees entirely with Mr. HORWOOD, and acts on exactly the contradictory hypothesis to his. Neither functionary having any control over the other, and both being perfectly independent of interference from outside, it results that if a man steals a handkerchief in Liverpool he may get a week; whereas if he abstracts the same article of luxury in Manchester he may be withdrawn from society for three months. The opinion of the best and ablest judges agrees rather with Mr. HORWOOD than with Mr. WEST. But all the judges in England cannot limit Mr. WEST's discretion or inculcate Mr. HORWOOD's example. The taxpayer will easily perceive that, if the two modes are even equally efficacious, the cheaper is to be preferred.

ARMY MATTERS.

THE end of all the storming about the War Office and the Home Army may possibly have reminded others than ourselves of the Jackdaw of Rheims. Never have there been heard more terrible curses, but at the end of it all "nobody seems one penny the worse." It is all ending in mere personal wrangles between correspondents known and anonymous as to their respective accuracy, and arrogance. The Under-Secretary of State for War has been singled out as the exemplar of this favourite official sin. Some day we hope an ingenious person will be found to coin a much needed word out of the Norman name of a famous college in the University of Oxbridge. It will exactly define a certain recognizable but not yet classified faculty for filling places of dignity and emolument with a convinced air of superiority to your fellow-man. When we have it, we may find it convenient to apply to Mr. BRODRICK. But as for arrogance, if it comes to that, it will be a measuring cast between him and his critics. It is amusing, or the reverse, according to the point of view, to see with what absolute conviction all these eminent persons, official or not, believe that their accuracy and their personal dignity are matters of the most vital importance, and how briskly they pelt one another with hard words. Young civilian with cock and bull stories shouts SAUNDERS; high and mighty Under-Secretary screams DONALD; half-pay officer who has not deserved a pension, accident of politics, &c., &c., &c.—these are compliments which are flying about on every side. In the meantime we do not care a jot whether all this Billingsgate and water is well applied or the reverse. What we do note is that the condition of the British army seems to be in considerable danger of being utterly overlooked, while its rulers and its would-be reformers are bickering. Yet the British army is of more importance than the youth and credulity of Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER, or the jennysquaw notable in Mr. BRODRICK's manners. Let all the abuse be taken to be accurate, and then the way will be cleared to the consideration of matters of some real pith and moment.

One thing and one only has been allowed on all sides in this dispute, and it is that there has been a marked falling off in the quality of the recruits within the last few years, which of course entails a proportionate loss in the efficiency of the army. A weaker and smaller class of recruits means in time correspondingly little and feeble men. That this is an evil no human being in his senses can deny, and it is an equally self-evident proposition that if it can be corrected a great deal will be done to improve the quality of the army. There is nothing new in this complaint. It represents a state of things which has existed for some years and has grown worse. That there has been exaggeration is probable enough. There generally is when correspondents beat the tom-tom in the *Times*. The youth of our recruits is no new thing. They always were caught young; and the foolish talk which may occasionally be heard about the great size and strength of our soldiers in the Revolutionary Wars only proves how little is really known about the history of our army. Readers who do not care to go to drier authorities may learn from that most entertaining work, the *Autobiography of John Shipp*, that four regiments of actual boys, of from twelve to fourteen, were raised in the workhouses at the end of the last century. They were sent on garrison duty to the Channel Islands, and drafted for service in Africa and India at the age of seventeen. But it is not to be believed that such things could be done now; and, though it is by no means certain that the next great war will be so brief as the last three have been, it is unlikely that four or five years will again be given us in which to form a solid army after the beginning of hostilities. Neither do we see much probability that we could again have recourse to the indirect, but by no means ineffectual, conscription which formed that great force of regulars and embodied Militia from which the Duke of WELLINGTON's choice little army in the Peninsula was creamed. It is, therefore, all the more necessary to look to the quality of our army in peace. That there has been a falling off is allowed even by official apologists, and the evil being obvious and undeniable it ought to be the first to be dealt with. We hold, and we always have held, that there is no mystery as to the nature of the remedy. An army which is recruited by voluntary enlistment must be made attractive to volunteers. The pay and the conditions of the service must be improved

whenever it is certain that they have ceased to tempt such men as we should prefer to obtain. At the present moment it is especially desirable to insist on this point, for there is a visible inclination to burk it. Why it should be burked we have no difficulty in guessing. It is an unpleasant thing to come to the House of Commons with a demand for a large addition to the permanent charge of the army. Particularly is it a disagreeable thing to do when a General Election is close ahead, and there is an opposition which will grasp any means of injuring ministers. The unpleasantness of the task is as keenly felt in some unofficial quarters as it well can be by the Cabinet. So when it is at once desirable to show a desire for the improvement of the army, and to avoid incurring unpopularity by demands for money, there is a strong temptation to argue that, if only the War Office could be reorganized, and responsibility (blessed word!) put on the right shoulders, we could get a much better article for the same Budget. We believe this to be a natural, but none the less an utter, delusion. If the control of the House of Commons, the strong self-interest of Cabinets, and the labours of successive Commissions, have not been effectual yet to cut down the cost of the army, no new change will do it. This is a rich country, which buys service; and it will never keep its army up as cheaply as the poorer nations of the Continent which compel the service of their soldiers. The belief that a more intelligent proportioning of responsibility will give us an army formed of sound material is on all-fours with the Gladstonian assumption that the joy of sitting on Parish Councils will induce the agricultural labourer who is discontented with his lot to remain in the country, and will enable the happy possessor of a minute patch of ground to sell its produce at a remunerative price in spite of American competition. It is very probably true that there are more clerks than enough at the War Office—more scribbling and talking than is necessary—and that the different departments are occasionally in one another's way. But the man who can believe that if all this were put right, stout young men who see a fair chance of earning twenty shillings a week as labourers will enlist for such pay and allowances as the army offers, is capable of trusting to the permanence of guarantees in an Irish Local Government Bill. He must be besotted by words. The man who thinks of entering the army knows, and cares nothing about responsibility at the War Office. He is absolutely indifferent to the existence or non-existence of a chief of the staff. If he thinks at all it is of his pay and allowances. Manifestly the right sort of man does not think sufficiently well of them as they are to enlist in adequate numbers. Unless we can persuade him to come in the War Office may be reorganized into perfection, but it will administer an army of inferior quality. For ourselves, we should, if compelled to make the choice, prefer a less ideal War Office, and more solid regiments.

It is not only the pay but the other terms of the service which must be improved if the army is to be made more efficient. The view expressed by Colonel AUBREY MAUDE is an extreme one, and not to be accepted save with many reservations. It is impossible to make military service voluntary to the extent of allowing men to leave whenever they please. Indeed, Colonel MAUDE confesses as much when he says that there "is a vast difference between giving 'individual men permission to quit, on proper notice being 'given, and permitting a resignation *en masse*.' But it is a very probable opinion that we might advantageously make the terms of engagement more elastic than they are. By allowing men to engage for periods ranging from three to twenty-one years, with the right to re-enlist up to the last-named term, if the Colonel thought them worth keeping, it might be possible both to feed the Reserve and to retain a much larger proportion of seasoned men in the ranks. The "deferred pay" sugar-plum, which never was fit for any place but the nursery, and has now been proved mischievous, might be abolished. With better pay and a wide choice of length of service there would be some solid hope of securing satisfactory recruits, and if the quality was good we could afford to take them young. Those who did not take kindly to soldiering could pass at the end of three years into the Reserve. Those who did could remain and supply us with a fair proportion of the seasoned professional soldiers who have been the nerve of the army at all times and are indispensable to a force which has to be continually on active service in small bodies and in every variety of climate. If this resource fails the system of voluntary enlistment will have broken down altogether. As yet it has not been tried.

To suppose that an equivalent can be found in mere official readjustments is the midsummer madness of people who, at the bottom of their hearts, believe in paper as profoundly as a bureaucrat.

THE ABUSE OF CROSS-EXAMINATION.

THERE are very few incidents in the sordid and disgusting case of *RUSSELL v. RUSSELL* which the world, or at least the decent and respectable portion of it, has not willingly let die. That the grandson of a Prime Minister, and the bearer of a historic name, should have cleared his character from odious aspersions is satisfactory. That a young lady should have been capable, even under malign influence, of making such aspersions without a shred of fact to justify them, is melancholy and discreditable. It is quite impossible after the trial to believe any contested part of Lady RUSSELL's evidence, or to assume a single charge against her husband which he did not admit himself. It is scandalous and lamentable that such a squabble should have been brought into Court at all, and that revolting issues should have been raised for no conceivable purpose except revenge, or the modification of a marriage settlement. Lord RUSSELL had no choice. If he had not defended the action, he would have been marked for ever by hideous suspicions, and diabolical rumours would have gone uncontradicted until they met with acceptance. But what permanently interests the public is the manner in which the case for the petitioner was conducted by HER MAJESTY'S SOLICITOR-GENERAL. We are all to some extent at the mercy of the Bar, and of the notions of honour which prevail among its members. Even men who cannot imagine themselves quarrelling with their wives and mothers-in-law, or who have none to quarrel with, may at any moment become involved in litigation, not of their own seeking, and have to enter the witness-box, or allow judgment to go by default. The right of cross-examination is technically almost unlimited, since the most distant scandals or the most private delinquencies may "go to the credit" of the witness. Some protection is supposed to be afforded by the power of the Bench. But a judge is often helpless. He does not know what is in counsel's brief, and the relations which ought to subsist between Bench and Bar are sometimes reversed. In this case the petitioner asked, not for a dissolution of the marriage, but merely for a judicial separation, and the charge was cruelty, not adultery. Lady RUSSELL had an absolute legal right, as laid down by the Court of Appeal in *JACKSON v. JACKSON*, to leave her husband, and live apart from him. On the other hand, she was no doubt entitled to apply for a separation, and if she had made out the cruelty alleged, she would have had a claim for the revision of the settlement in her favour. But cruelty was the sole ground of her complaint from first to last, and no other matrimonial offence was pleaded, or could have been proved.

That being so, there appeared among the "particulars" a paragraph which the President called "monstrous" and by which gross and horrible criminalities were not openly charged, but indirectly insinuated. The person named therein is a gentleman of unblemished reputation, a school-master at Bath, whose acquaintance with Lord RUSSELL was based on a common interest in scientific pursuits. There was not the slightest ground for keeping him during many months under the shadow of this shocking infamy, and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL ought to have frankly said so in his opening speech. But he did nothing of the kind, and it was not till his reply, when the evidence of both persons concerned had conclusively disposed of this wicked falsehood, that a man almost at the head of the English Bar withdrew the charge without an apology. That, however, is by no means all, nor the worst. In his cross-examination of the respondent the SOLICITOR-GENERAL asked him, clearly with reference to this disgraceful paragraph, why he had been sent down from Oxford? It was, perhaps, fortunate for Lord RUSSELL that he did so; for it enabled him to clear up the story. Mr. JOWETT's subsequent attentions to his former pupil will make most impression upon those least acquainted with the attitude of the Master of Balliol towards the nobility of these realms. But Lord RUSSELL fairly turned the tables upon his accusers when he showed that he had refused the Master's invitation to return on the ground that he was condemned unheard. This piece of inquisitorship had, perhaps, a remote bearing upon the case. But what is to be said of the questions about the

girl in Lord RUSSELL's employment, whom, when he was very young, long before he married Miss SCOTT, he had, it was said, seduced? Pre-nuptial incontinence, whatever else it may be, is not matrimonial cruelty. Lord RUSSELL had told the facts to Lady SCOTT before his marriage, and had provided for the person concerned. Yet Sir EDWARD CLARKE, for reasons best known to himself, dragged this irrelevant incident into court, publishing the name of the poor girl in every newspaper throughout the country. Sir CHARLES BUTT complimented Sir EDWARD upon his honourable and straightforward behaviour. It would be curious to know to what part of that behaviour this compliment addressed itself. For our own part, and for the honour of the Bar, we beg to differ, with all respect, from the Judge's ruling as to Mr. SOLICITOR's conduct.

THE SEVENTH SESSION.

PARLIAMENT is to meet for what official optimism calls the despatch of business on the 9th of February next. Last year Mr. SMITH, beguiled by the seductive pleadings of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, tried the experiment of a November Session, followed by a brief Christmas holiday, and a reassembling of Parliament in January. The experiment did not prove successful. The time which was gained for the purposes of public business by the quarrelling of Irish members was lost through accidents of one sort or another, not unassisted by contributory negligence on the part of Ministers in the year following. The idea that time is to be saved by a different distribution of the periods of the Session over the year is an illusion. Ministerial procrastination and Opposition obstruction are independent of times and seasons. Perhaps if the experiment were made of beginning the work of Parliament later in the year, it might be possible to end it earlier. If Parliament met in the beginning of March, Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN might be able to betake himself to his garden by the beginning of July. The principle of half-time, which is said to have good results in education and in some forms of industrial production, might prove beneficial in regard to legislative work. The House of Commons, with a sense of weeks and months before it, spends more time in taking off its coat and making other preparations for beginning to work than in accomplishing a small fragment of what is set before it. A smaller allowance of time would, perhaps, be more thriftily employed.

The ensuing Session will be the seventh of the present Parliament, and, as is generally assumed, its last. Lord SALISBURY and Mr. BALFOUR have let it be known that the Government at present contemplates a dissolution next autumn. But by the strict letter of the law, under the Septennial Act, of which Mr. GLADSTONE has recently discovered the iniquity, the Parliament, unless previously dissolved, has continuance, not only till the termination of its seventh Session, but until the completion of the seventh year from the day on which it was first summoned. The Act of GEORGE I. is not a Seven-Sessions Act, but a Septennial Act. The present Parliament, therefore, will not expire of itself, and by mere efflux of time, until the 5th of August, 1893. An early summons in the same year would make an eighth Session of the present Parliament practicable. There are many reasons why that course should not be adopted. One of them is that it would probably be fatal to Mr. GLADSTONE. Not "the sad breaking of that Parliament," but the rumour of a refusal to break it before its legal term, would in all probability "kill with report that old man eloquent." Mr. GLADSTONE towards the close of 1879 was thrown into a paroxysm of constitutional indignation by the intention which he attributed to Lord BEACONSFIELD of entering on the seventh Session of the Parliament of 1874. Mr. GLADSTONE was then eager for a dissolution, and when in politics Mr. GLADSTONE is eager for anything, it becomes a fundamental principle of the Constitution, and even a primary element of the moral law, a categorical imperative. Nay, more, the past is brought under its sway too, and it is found, without much reference to records and dates, to be a fixed and unvarying usage.

In one of his Midlothian speeches of 1879 (that of November 22) Mr. GLADSTONE described it as "the fixed" and invariable practice, I think of the entire century, nay, "even of more than an entire century," that Parliament should not sit through more than six regular Sessions. During the century which was passing when Mr. GLAD-

STONE spoke, and the ten years which have since been added, there have (if our record is correct) been twenty-five dissolutions. Of these only eight were due to the approach of the Septennial term. Two-thirds of them were due to the accidents that bring Ministries and Parliaments to a premature close. So that the constitutional and moral principle that Mr. GLADSTONE insists on is of comparatively rare emergence. What, then, of his fixed and invariable rule? In five instances out of the eight to which alone it can apply, the Parliaments were Parliaments of seven Sessions. These were the Parliaments of 1784, 1796, 1826, 1841, and 1859. To these we have now to add the Parliaments of 1874, and, by a slight anticipation of time, if nothing should occur to bring about a dissolution before next February, of 1886. Mr. GLADSTONE's fixed and invariable rule has, therefore, been much more honoured in the breach than the observance. A few days after making the blunder, Mr. GLADSTONE partially discovered his error. He admitted that the Parliaments of 1841-7 and 1859-65 had been Parliaments of seven Sessions. But then, parodying a celebrated apology, he pleaded that the first Session in each of these two Parliaments was a very small one. It was scarcely to be called a regular Session, having been devoted chiefly to Supply and the installation of a new Ministry. Mr. GLADSTONE thus makes out, after a fashion of his own, that the breach of his rule was really an observance of it. But he forgets his reason of the rule.

The reason why a Septennial Parliament, said Mr. GLADSTONE, should last, not seven years, but only six, may be stated thus:—If, he argued, it were made absolutely certain that in so many weeks, or in two or three months, Parliament would be dissolved, the operations of the seventh Session would sink to a lower moral level than that of its earlier Sessions, and groups and cliques of persons would barter and traffic public interests for private ends. But this necessary characteristic, if such it be, of a seventh Parliamentary Session has nothing to do with the brevity or length of the first Session, and therefore Mr. GLADSTONE's argument that the Parliaments of 1841 and 1859 do not really invalidate his rule is not to the point. Further, if it has been, is, and is to be, a fixed and invariable rule that Septennial Parliaments shall consist only of six Sessions, the sixth Session, being known to be the last, will be morally not less tainted than if it were the seventh. The same influences will be at work when Mr. GLADSTONE gets his quinquennial Parliaments, and every fourth or fifth year, instead of every sixth or seventh, will be given over to the wicked traffic of moribund members of Parliament in public interests. Mr. GLADSTONE's "reason," so far as it has any element of rationality in it, is a reason, not for a fixed and invariable sexennial rule, but for leaving the period of dissolution within legal limits absolutely undetermined. It is a reason for preferring the septennial to the sexennial usage, and for longer rather than for shorter Parliaments. But Mr. GLADSTONE's reason has nothing to do with the supposed usage which it is invoked to justify. If at the close of six years, the circumstances of England and of Europe—prosperity and tranquillity at home and peace with foreign nations—make the time suitable for a general election and a possible change of Ministry, it is well not to speculate on this state of things continuing a twelve-month longer. A year hence, when a dissolution would be inevitable, the time might be unpropitious. On the other hand, if at the end of the six years' term the condition of public affairs might make a dissolution hazardous, there is no reason why it should not be put off in the hope of more favourable conditions. Mr. GLADSTONE admits that considerations of the national interest would justify this course. A factious employment of the sixth Parliamentary year by an unscrupulous Opposition for the defeat of measures vital to the public well-being would conceivably justify a Ministry in extending the sitting of Parliament to its last legal day.

THE CHURCH QUARREL IN FRANCE.

IT will not be the fault of the Radicals and the Conservatives if the ill-advised prosecution of the Archbishop of AIX does not grow into a serious Church and State quarrel. The first, with characteristic folly, would be delighted to launch the Republic on another Kulturkampf, because it would immediately restore them to all the influence they enjoyed before the last general election. The second, with their habitual wisdom, are ready to foment any disturbance, in the hope, which they have entertained in

vain a hundred times before, that it must all end in the ruin of the Republic. They are apparently absolutely blind to the obvious considerations that the Church must suffer in the scramble, if there is to be one, and that the Radicals, who, as they ought by this time to know, are much better qualified to succeed in the middle of anarchy than themselves, are the most likely to fish successfully in the troubled waters. If M. DE FREYCINET'S Cabinet and the Bishops were wise, they would imitate the principals in the traditional duel—they would agree to shoot their own seconds, and then live in peace. Unfortunately they do not seem to be disposed to take this eminently sensible course. From Wednesday's debate in the Senate it may be gathered that the Ministry is nervously anxious to convince the Radicals that it will not surrender to the Bishops, and also to persuade the Moderate Republicans that it will not be provoked into a quarrel with the Church. It has chosen a difficult course, and one in which it will run a perpetual risk of offending both parties. Unless the Bishops help it by showing great moderation, and can persuade the Conservatives to follow a course which will make it possible for the Moderate Republicans to act with them, it is most probable that the Cabinet will be dragged along by the Radicals whether it wishes or not.

If the language used by M. CHESNELONG is to be understood to express the view taken by the French Episcopate, we see no hope whatever that a violent collision will be avoided. It may sound very heroic to maintain "that in case of a conflict between Church and State the former was entitled to the last word, for Roman Catholics would never bow to any secular power, and State supremacy was pagan tyranny." Talk of this kind is not uncommon among ecclesiastical persons, from Popes and Cardinals all the way to Free Kirk ministers; but if M. CHESNELONG will look into the history of his own Church, he will learn that he is talking nonsense. No State has ever in the long run allowed the last word to the clergy in matters which were not "of faith." It would very soon cease to be a secular State if it did. Moreover, the State has habitually insisted on deciding for itself what are matters of faith, and what are not. In the present case we may be very sure that the French Republic will not allow the Episcopate to class the right to go to Rome or to issue political manifestoes among the things on which the Church only can decide. If the Bishops support their advocate in the Senate, they will provoke an immediate, and this time serious, attempt to repeal the Concordat. We hope that we do not underestimate the difficulties in the position of the French Episcopate. The Government has for years been unduly influenced by the anti-Clerical section of its supporters. It has disgraced itself by a policy of mean persecution. It has not been ashamed to play the part of wolf, and has displayed a vulgar readiness to remind the clergy that they are paid servants at the mercy of the State. In this very dispute it is to blame for having aggravated the Church by the wholly unnecessary persecution of Mgr. D'AIX. But, when all this is allowed, and more even which could be quoted, it is still possible to believe that the Church would be unwise to assume an attitude of defiance. If anything could re-establish the old superiority of the Radicals, it would be the Moderate Republican fear of "Clerical aggression." The attitude assumed by Mgr. GOUTHE-SOULARD, with the approval of many of his colleagues and the encouragement of the Conservatives, is very likely to frighten these Moderate Republicans and to give the Radicals the opportunity they have long been wanting. The recrudescence of the old quarrel is particularly inopportune now; for there had since the last general election been a marked quieting down of the anti-Clerical zeal of the Government. The Church vote passed unopposed through the Chamber for the first time for years. Mgr. GOUTHE-SOULARD and his friends have given the agitation a new lease of life, if they have done no more. They were certainly not without provocation; but they have made the most of what they had. It is impossible not to suspect that the Conservatives, and those Churchmen who were averse to the conciliatory policy advocated by Cardinal LAVIGERIE and not disapproved by the POPE, have seized the chance offered them by the ill-advised measures against the Archbishop of AIX to reaffirm once more the incompatibility of the Republican form of government with the Church. On the part of the politicians this action is intelligible, though not manifestly wise. The vote of the Senate on Wednesday should convince the clergy that they have nothing to gain by entering into a conflict with the Govern-

ment. An overwhelming majority approved the action of M. DE FREYCINET'S Ministry. The same Senators would vote for stronger measures if those already used do not succeed in imposing "respect for the Republic and submission to its laws."

DOM PEDRO OF BRAZIL.

IT is impossible even to imagine a more curious "Mirror for Magistrates" than the career of Dom PEDRO DE ALCANTARA, for more than half a century nominal, and for nearly half a century actual, sovereign of the Brazils, representative directly of the great House of BRAGANZA, and descendant of those of BOURBON and HAPSBURG, who, after two years of discredited exile in Paris and elsewhere, now sleeps with his fathers at Lisbon. For a very long time Dom PEDRO was the favourite example—the "white-boy," as our ancestors would have said—of Liberal journalists and book-writers as an example of constitutional monarchy. He was not a *parvenu* in the very least degree, but he appeared to be something more than happily *arrivé*. To all the inherited claims of legitimacy he added the will of the people to start with, and the practice of the most enlightened Liberal ideas as he went on. He had one of the hugest realms on earth, protected by its situation, its extent, its frontiers of sea and mountain, and river and desert, from invasion; full of natural wealth, with a great coast-line not unfurnished with ports, a great river route to the interior, a population sparse, but all the less likely to be turbulent, all the freer from the struggle for life, and all the more easily tempered by judicious foreign immigration and exploitation. His father's mismanagement and his own minority did him not the least harm. He was personally popular. He did a little easy tyrant-quelling in 1852 against ROSAS on the River Plate, and a good deal of much tougher ditto later against LOPEZ in Paraguay, while between the two he had the great good luck of being the opponent of England in an arbitration where, like all the opponents of England in arbitrations, he could be certain that the arbiter would give it in his favour. He could and did play at liberalizing institutions and civilizing to his heart's content and to the ecstasy of the generation to which he himself belonged, and which thought that, if you abolished slavery, had a Parliament, made railways, and were liberal generally, the Golden Age would come simply of itself. He liked travelling, and he had the example of another PETER to justify him in doing so that he might faithfully teach his Brazilians emollient arts, and educate them to be models for the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. If not a particularly economical ruler, he was not an extravagant or a corrupt one; and the extent to which, under his rule, Brazil dipped herself in the tempting baths of European financing was nothing compared with that indulged in by other countries. He lived to see his country in return for Europe's railways and loans obliging the Old World with coffee, indiarubber, *rastaquouères*, all manner of things. And then, two years ago, without a struggle, without a valid reason, like a servant whom a capricious master turns off at a moment's notice, or the unlucky wife whose expulsion the Roman poet chronicles, he was packed off from Brazil by a gang of worthless spouters and intriguers, who even at the time were known to represent the country in no real sense whatsoever, and who, even before his own death, were shown not to have the interest, the pluck, or the skill to keep themselves in the position from which they had driven him.

Everybody, of course, had a reason to account for his fall, and probably no one of these reasons was absolutely unconnected, if not with the cause, with the occasion of that fall. He had not petted the army enough. He had not petted the navy enough. He had annoyed the land-owners by the abolition of slavery. He was too much away. His liberalism made Brazil not quite exclusive enough for the Brazilians. He would not adopt measures of sufficient severity at the last. He tried just before the last to meddle with actual government, having let it alone before. His daughter, the Infanta YSABEL, who had been more than once Regent, was not popular, and her husband, a member of that unfortunate ORLEANS family which not only in its own country, but in half a dozen others, has constantly aimed at statecraft, and has never got further than scheming, was more unpopular still. It was this tax; it was that concession; it was the other law. All

these were, we say, probably true causes or true occasions to a certain extent, no doubt. At any rate, we certainly need not travel beyond them into the absurd speculations of those who will have it that Marshal FONSECA, and his gang of *faiseurs* and *pions* and *avocats*, were animated by the spirit of BRUTUS when he dealt the godlike stroke (though, indeed, it is not impossible that BRUTUS was animated by theirs), or that the sense of painful inferiority as subjects of monarchy among the free Republicans of America weighed on the descendants, many times removed, of Portuguese by Guahiba Indians and the celebrated and dangerous negresses of the markets at Rio.

We may quit such folly as this and return to what we have called the true causes, or rather to that single cause which is at the back of them all. Dom PEDRO was simply the latest, no doubt not the last, victim of the singular craze for imitating, without regard to circumstances or to cases, the English institution of Liberal and Constitutional Monarchy—the latest example, to put things more widely still, of the more general craze that you can force institutions upon a people. In one sense Brazil started with more advantages than other nations which have tried this, in another with even less. There was, indeed, nothing in her of the adverse elements which in some countries have prevented constitutional monarchy from being even tried with a ghost of success; but there were also none of the elements which are required to bring success about. The Brazilians had no aristocracy properly so called, no large commercial class with stability of affairs as its first interest, no learned and liberal professions with the same tie to the only form of government which has ever long maintained liberal learning, few or none of the numerous gradations which in the happier at least of the older countries prevent any one grade from being specially jealous of any other. Under the older colonial *régime* Brazil was a kind of irregular patriarchy, based on slavery, with a slight official admixture. Dom PEDRO gave her a harness of what are called free institutions, and then practically threw the reins on her neck. There was not, as in the case of the other PETER, good household thrift, with axe, and knout, and gallows in the master's absence, and a double activity of all three when he came back. Education, the new businesses introduced by foreign capital, and so forth, introduced also the accursed type of the coffee-house politician, the *raté* who hopes to become a success by politics, the intriguer who relies on his tongue, the type which Parliamentary government has spawned in all the Latin races, and which is not exactly unknown nowadays in a race which boasts itself not to be Latin. The abolition of slavery certainly made some Brazilians sulky, and foreign immigration introduced colonies of persons who had separate and definite interests of their own. Dom PEDRO would seem to have been singularly unlucky in his later advisers, and singularly remiss in foreseeing, as well as most unheroically weak in succumbing to, violence. But both they and, in a manner, he might plead that the whole principle and system of his reign obliged them to let things take their course. The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge never contemplated railways causing revolution; the English Whig constitutionalism of the eighteenth century (though it was not quite consistent in practice) held in theory that if the People said "Go," the King must not stay. The former had provided no manual instructing kings when and how to administer the whiff of grape-shot; the latter expressly said that it was dreadful of kings to do so. So Dom PEDRO, with not much less pathos, though with considerably less dignity, than ever martyr went to the stake or hero to the forlorn hope, went to his steamboat, to his exile, to his grave, in obedience to that most curious product of the centuries, the doctrinairism which takes for granted that, because a certain extremely artificial arrangement has worked not badly in a still more complicated set of circumstances which have themselves developed it, it will go on working merrily if you plump it down ready made in circumstances altogether different.

THE NEW "ZOLLVEREIN."

THE best point from which to look at what is rather magniloquently called the new Zollverein of Central Europe is undoubtedly Paris. In the economical as well as the political sense the commercial treaties just introduced into the Parliaments of Germany, Austria, and Italy are

directed first of all against France, and only secondarily against other Powers. As for ourselves, they may do us some good and can hardly do us any damage. The tariffs of all the nations of Europe have already been carefully constructed so as to exclude our goods whenever possible. Under the tariffs which these treaties will establish we shall be no worse off than before. The most-favoured-nation clauses in our treaty with Austria will give us whatever advantage there is to be obtained under them. Without expecting too much, we may fairly calculate that we shall gain rather than lose by the comparative freedom of commerce established by the new treaties. The mere fact that they will make the tariffs of Central Europe permanent for eleven years will do some good by removing a cause of uncertainty. Then the formation of a uniform railway rate will simplify and facilitate trade. If, as is highly probable, the treaties do encourage the development of commerce, they must indirectly benefit us, unless exceptional measures are taken to exclude our goods. Increased wealth among our neighbours means, in the absence of special barriers against us, more power among our customers to buy our goods. At the worst, we can accept this commercial league as indifferent. Even if it leaves our trade unbenefited, it may, by strengthening the alliance of Central Europe, serve us politically.

From Paris the so-called Zollverein has a very different appearance. The care taken by Germany to so frame her tariff as to give France no benefit is proof enough of the spirit in which this commercial league has been made. The Treaty of Frankfurt has been outmanœuvred. But the new commercial policy of France herself has made it impossible for her not to lose by the treaties. The Protectionists, who are in an overwhelming majority in the present Chambers, have shown a truly French love of *les situations nettes*, and for logic. Starting from the premiss that foreign competitors must be excluded from the native market, they have constructed a couple of tariffs which have deprived the Government of any power to whittle away protective defences by commercial treaties. There is a minimum tariff, which barely allows the foreign importer to survive, and a maximum, which kills him outright. As the Government cannot promise more than the minimum tariff in return for concessions, it is worth nobody's while to treat with France. Consequently French commerce must be excluded, as far as exclusion is possible, from the territories of the parties to the league. Countries which have no interest to band rather with Central Europe than with France are being driven to take the less natural course. Belgium has already joined, and it is not improbable that Spain, which has been made furious by the imposition of a prohibitive duty on red wine, will follow her example. The French Protectionists will, therefore, succeed in securing a degree of commercial isolation for their country more effectual even than the political. It has no doubt been one of the objects of the contracting parties to hasten this exclusion, and punish France for her prohibitive tariffs. But there have been other and hardly less persuasive reasons for their action. The *exposé des motifs* of the German Bill proves that politicians at Berlin have been convinced by experience of the economic truths that goods are paid for by goods, and that the nation which limits its imports will also limit its exports. The fiscal policy of Prince BISMARCK has not been successful. His successors in office have decided to return to a system of fewer restrictions, and easier Customs dues. They have learnt that, if they take nothing from Austria, she will take nothing from them. This certainly does not amount to a conversion to Free Trade, but it is a step in that direction. Men who have learnt the advantage of extending the area of unrestricted or only moderately restricted trade over all Central Europe may in time learn the advantage of extending it over the world. General CAPRIVI has had to explain to the Reichstag that Germany is urged on by the very conditions which drove England to Free Trade—by inability to feed her own population, and by the peremptory necessity of cheapening the cost of production. In the meantime every extension must tend to increase the bulk of commerce. The policy of the EMPEROR'S Government is not universally popular in Germany. The agricultural class, which was so strongly favoured by Prince BISMARCK, is discontented at the lowering of the tax levied on Austrian corn and Belgian cattle. It has even been hoped that the PRINCE may at last be induced to come out from his growling retirement, and appear in the unwonted character of Opposition leader. The reappearance of the late Chancellor

would certainly be interesting; but it is unlikely that he would secure the rejection of an international arrangement which is acceptable for political as well as economical reasons.

NOVELS AND LIBELS.

WE can scarcely regret any circumstance which tends to diminish the production of novels. But nothing does diminish it—neither rebukes in the reviews, nor the indifference of the public, nor the publishers' bills, nor actions for libel. Major ELLIS, having written a book called *African Stories*, introduced a character named JAMES PEACOCK. Not having read *African Stories*, we cannot say whether Mr. PEACOCK is a kind of ALLAN QUATERMAIN, and the soul of chivalry, or whether he is rather conspicuously mean and pusillanimous. He sold a steamer and factory, in the romance, to the United South African Company, and Mr. PINNOCK, it seems, made a similar transference of property. Whether the *empteores* were not satisfied with the steamer in the novel, or whether the property proved inferior to their expectations of "Africa and golden joys," we know not; but Mr. PINNOCK conceived that Mr. PEACOCK's conduct was represented as questionable. He also came to the conclusion that PINNOCK was meant for PEACOCK, and that his own fair fame was attacked. To remove this blot from the scutcheon of the PINNOCKS (a name illustrious in historical composition), he brought a suit for libel against Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL, Limited, the publishers of *African Stories*. It is extremely unlikely that that great company had read the romance. BUNGAY and BACON were not in the habit of devouring all their own fictions. They were too much in the case of the confectioner's apprentice. Even love-stories pulled on them after a few years, and they left these dainties, as a rule, to their reader, Mr. HACK, a gentleman much to be commiserated. In this case the reader was no one less than Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH, and a very great comfort it is to learn that so distinguished an author is the first critic of some romances. Mr. MEREDITH does not appear to have thought *African Stories* impeccable, as it contained "the effort of a writer of 'serious mind to be humorous.'" "I did not like it, but 'one would have to object to so much.'" There be some readers who would have confined their remarks to

"Dear BUNGAY,—The book is bosh.

"Yours faithfully,
"ARTHUR HACK."

But Mr. MEREDITH must have been more lenient. Finally, the jury found that PEACOCK was meant for PINNOCK, and assessed damages at 200*l*.

Of course a novelist, if guiltless of any malice or design, is rather to be pitied when confronted with a charge of this sort. He is in the position of a romancer accused of plagiarizing from the treatises, let us say, of PODONIAN the Elder. He replies, as he justifiably may, that he never so much as heard of the gifted PODONIAN; but, as is only too well known, this defence is not accepted by his enemies. He must have heard of PODONIAN—PODONIAN is familiar to all. If he has not heard of him, he is an ignorant wretch, and unfit to instruct or amuse the public. In a charge of libel, where the novelist never was aware that the plaintiff existed, he is, though a novelist, really too unlucky. It is not so easy to prove a mental *alibi*, whether the aggrieved party be PODONIAN or another. A character in a novel must have a name, unless, with the remarkable caution of Mr. MARION CRAWFORD, he be simply styled "The Wanderer." Perhaps Mr. CRAWFORD's plan will now come into favour. Let the heroine be called the Milliner, the Marchioness, the Plain Cook, or what not; let the hero be the Don, the Bootmaker, the Dentist, the Duke, or the like, while the minor characters might, with no great risk, have Christian names; though even that is hardly safe. Indeed, there is no real escape for novelists. If they are successful, a kind of *clef* is usually provided to their works. Even if they fail, their aunts and country neighbours go about discovering originals for their characters. It is peculiarly perilous to write a novel about a little place like Oxford. All the acuteness of the University is turned to the task of discovering the originals. People often insist on finding themselves caricatured when nobody was thinking of them. M. ZOLA has been in trouble for using a proper name which verily and actually belonged to some-

body. The Lord DUDLEY of the day might have had a crow to pluck with BALZAC. Inexperienced authors often invent peers who turn out to be real people. SCOTT was once challenged by a gentleman, apparently either Irish or Highland, who vowed that he had been slandered as a character, we think, in *St. Ronan's Well*. This fire-eater turned out to be a common kind of maniac, and was, therefore, not received *à la façon de Barbarie*—with weapons of war. By the way, duelling would simplify the novelist's position, especially, perhaps, if he were a major in the army, while single combat is more picturesque than an action for libel, and quite as likely to give satisfaction. At present the novelist will be wise if he avoids unusual surnames for his characters. SMITH and BROWN are sensible men, and not apt to think they are being insulted. TULKINGHORNS and TURVEYDROPS are much more peppery characters. In a case like that of PINNOCK v. CHAPMAN, the publisher is in a most defenceless position. He cannot possibly know that a real character is aimed at. Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL withdrew the book when they heard the complaint, and probably are sorry that they ever published "a stereotype of that form of the element of humour."

A STATESMANLIKE WIREPULLER.

THOSE enlightened patrons of political merit, the Eighty Club, have entertained Dr. SPENCE WATSON at dinner, and the guest of the evening responded to the toast of his health in what Mr. MORLEY, who was himself, however, the most voluminous orator of the evening, described as a "noble and elevated speech," and one "of which any man, 'whether he be a statesman or a wirepuller, might well be 'proud.'" In this respect the Eighty Club were fortunate beyond even their distinguished deserts. They gave a dinner to an eminent wirepuller, and he returns thanks for the compliment like a statesman. Had he replied like a wirepuller, they would have had no reasonable cause of complaint, since it was avowedly by his skill and industry in the manipulation of the wires that he has established his chief claim on their gratitude, and they had no right to expect him to address them in a higher capacity in honour of the occasion. We confess to having read Dr. SPENCE WATSON's speech with every effort to maintain the mental attitude of the impartial critic, but without finding in it any of those evidences of statesmanship which have so forcibly struck his enthusiastic friend the member for Newcastle. He rehearsed the programme of the Conference over which he presided, and dealt with some of its items in terms of the familiar Radical commonplaces; but upon the one subject on which he might most suitably have given us a taste of the quality which Mr. MORLEY finds in his utterances he was unfortunately and, considering what he had prepared us for, unexpectedly silent. The new points in the Newcastle Programme were, he said, "the payment of members and agricultural reform"; but, though on the former subject he made some remarks which we cannot honestly describe as corresponding with his description of the points themselves, we look in vain for any specific observations on the latter. Now this is especially unfortunate because, as it happens, the charge against the Gladstonians is that, whereas they discuss agricultural reform like statesmen before the world at large, they talk about it like a peculiarly unscrupulous kind of wirepullers to the agricultural labourer. So that Dr. SPENCE WATSON had here an excellent opportunity for showing, in justification of his friend's compliment, that he preferred the statesman's mode of treating it to the wirepuller's.

All that we have been able to find on this subject in the noble and elevated speech before us is the somewhat obvious remark that these men—the rural labourers—"were 'citizens and had to take part in the Government,'" and the surely superfluous observation that "it would be a great 'blot on the Liberal party if a movement such as this was 'not taken up seriously.'" It would, however, be also something which the Liberal party would probably dislike more than a "great blot" on their reputation—namely, a material loss to their score—and we think it safe, therefore, to assure Dr. SPENCE WATSON that there is no fear of the movement not being taken up seriously by his political associates. Indeed, though in his statesmanlike indifference to all business considerations he may be unaware of the fact, it is supposed to have already been taken up by them with an amount of seriousness which, considering the nature of

their promises to the agricultural labourers, does great credit to their command of countenance. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, for instance, has told them that the watchword of the Liberal party at the forthcoming election will be, the "village for the villagers"; and he has told it them with all the gravity necessary to convince them that it means something. We confess that, in the face of this declaration, we hardly know what it is that Dr. SPENCE WATSON would have; and we are certainly at a loss to know what it is that Mr. MORLEY is driving at in the exactly opposite direction. He quoted with approval the excellent admonition of Mr. BURT:—"One word of advice to you, and it is this—go straight"; and he exhorted his hearers at the Eighty Club to make this their rule of conduct. It is, he adds, the only way of dealing with "the working classes of the country." Does this mean, Go straight with the agricultural labourer? Tell him that when you promise him "the village for the villagers," you only mean that he is to sit on a Parish Council, and talk about allotments which are to be got if they are to be had, and which in that case would be got on precisely the same terms, so far as the labourer is concerned, neither better nor worse, if he did not sit on a Parish Council. Surely it cannot mean this; for, if it did, and Mr. MORLEY's counsel were followed, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, with his watchword of the "village for the villagers," would find—the metaphor has familiar associations for him—that "all the fat was in the fire." Or can it be that Mr. MORLEY did not mean to include the agricultural labourer among the "working-classes of this country," and that his advice to his party amounts to this—You may cram the rural voter with any humbug you please, but don't try it on with the working-class elector of the towns, because he will find you out? That recommendation would be intelligible enough; but it would perhaps savour more of the wirepuller than of the statesman.

BEFORE THE BREAKFAST.

IT is a source of acute regret to us that certain inflexible conditions render it impossible for us to comment upon what we are sure will have been Mr. GLADSTONE's eloquent speech at the Rural Reformer breakfast yesterday. Our readers must assume that we have made all the appropriate remarks in advance on Mr. GLADSTONE's "wonderful" this, his extraordinary command of that, and generally that we have gone through the whole gamut of praises of his distinguished qualities, down to that latest and most bewildering of discoveries among them—his "playful humour." The facility with which all these common forms may be supplied for himself by the ordinary reader—or can be procured by reference to the file of any Gladstonian newspaper—reconciles us to our ignorance of the mere manner of his at present undelivered oration. But we confess that we are not so well content to wait for its matter. It is very tantalizing to read the interminable series of speeches delivered at the Conference on Thursday by the delegates (who were really enabled to get their names into the newspaper report in creditably large numbers); to note how universally the traces of the well-drilled political "villager," the creation of the "van" and the Radical stump-orator, prevailed in their utterances; to observe, in a word, how little there was of the original Hodge himself, and how much there was of the Bottom-fashion "translated" Hodge, and of the gentleman of the towns who wants to use both the original and the translation for his own purposes—it is tantalizing, we say, to read all this, and to have to imagine how Mr. GLADSTONE has dealt with rural reform in such a way as to suit the discourses of the delegates without disappointing their constituents.

Were it not for this latter difficulty the task would, of course, be easy enough. There was not much in the speeches which is not also to be found more briefly put in the programme of the National Liberal Federation, except, of course, the illustrative remarks of the delegates; as, for instance, of him whose speech, in the opinion of a Gladstonian reporter, attained a "very high order of oratorical excellence," in its reference to the fact that the speaker was the father of thirteen children. The members of the Conference stuck pretty close to their brief, and that document would have supplied Mr. GLADSTONE with all the material for his reply. Prominent in it, of course, was the "Parish Council" which is to meet in the

evening at fixed intervals, and which is to have control of "any allotment created under the existing Allotment Acts"; "initiative in applying for land under existing Allotment Acts and for small holdings," with power to take over existing allotments "where arrangements for that purpose can be made"; "initiative in applying for land for village hall, library, place of worship, recreation ground, &c."; and all the rest of the "facultative" powers which it will make so very little difference to the rural voter to possess, but which the Gladstonian finds it so necessary to persuade him will make all the difference to him in the world. It is that slight divergence between the political necessities of the Gladstonians and the actual truth of the brutally indifferent facts which constitutes the high intellectual interest of the situation. The programme, full as it is of words, is really a very unsatisfying one to a hungry labourer, and it is essential to the purposes of the illustrious orator to persuade the hungry labourer—without actually saying as much in so many words—that its realization by a beneficent Gladstonian Government will physically and literally fill his belly. To any one else but Mr. GLADSTONE the task would present not only intellectual, but moral, difficulties of an insuperable character. But, Mr. GLADSTONE being Mr. GLADSTONE, we have no doubt that by the time these lines meet the eye of the reader he will have triumphantly surmounted them.

CHINESE AFFAIRS.

THE record of events in China is always difficult to follow. The little understood political and social systems of the country, and the complications arising out of the strange names of men and places, are all elements of confusion even when the circumstances to be chronicled are carefully and accurately related. But in times of disorder, when eager newspaper correspondents and local quidnuncs are on the *qui vive* to catch and report every passing rumour, the confusion becomes worse founded. Such a state of things is fairly reflected in the recent telegrams from China. We have been told on successive mornings that revolutionary outbreaks have occurred at Jehol in Mongolia, at Chaoyang and Kinchow in Manchuria, at Takow, Taku, and in the neighbourhoods of all these places; that Peking is threatened, and that, in fact, the whole north of China is in a parlous state. Happily our credulity is not called upon to accept all these statements. Later information has shown with sufficient plainness that they are greatly exaggerated. It is a pleasure to learn, for example, that the report that certain Belgian missionaries at Takow have been murdered may be safely relegated to the same limbo of telegraphic fiction as the rumour of the outrages said to have been committed on nuns at the same place and time.

It is even unnecessary to attach much importance to the undeniable disturbances which have occurred in Mongolia and Manchuria. In the typhoon season, when the barometer is low, sailors may be excused for giving importance to a passing cloud, which at other times would be left unnoticed. And so at the present time when the outrages on the Yangtze-kiang have aroused the fears and suspicions of the foreign communities in China, these movements assume an importance which in quiet times would in no way attach to them. It is a commonplace to all those who have lived in Northern China that, so soon as the first frosts begin, brigandage appears, and it is almost a recognized part of an Imperialist soldier's duty to spend the winter in following on foot the mounted bandits who ride in perfect safety a day's march in front of their pursuers.

But while making every allowance for these exaggerations, it must be admitted that there are certain disquieting symptoms in the present state of affairs. The evidence is overwhelming that there is a general outbreak of hostility against foreigners in many and widely separated parts of the Empire—a hostility which finds congenial vent in attacks on Christian settlements and the murder of those who are unable to defend themselves. Unhappily there is every reason to fear that the reported massacre of the Christian converts at Takow is only too true; and thus there is to be laid to the charge of the Chinese Government a crime which is a direct consequence of its dilatory proceedings in the late riots on the Yangtze-kiang. The idea that these attacks are, as has been held, directed only against the doctrines of Christianity is entirely baseless. The Chinese are the most religiously tolerant people upon earth. Having no fixed religious beliefs themselves, they are utterly indifferent to the faiths professed by other people. It is only when they fear that foreign influence will be introduced in the disguise of religion that they rise against it. It is

this which gives point and importance to the violent and impious manifestoes which are promulgated from that hotbed of anti-foreign feeling, Hunan. Apart from the treaty ports, the missionaries are the visible evidence of the existence of foreigners in China, and it is through them that the Hunanese, and they who feel with them, strike at foreigners generally.

In the latest placard issued by the disaffected it is distinctly proclaimed that "the moment the Emperor's command to chastise and exterminate them (foreigners) is received, the clan and elders of the entire province (Hunan) will themselves lead their able-bodied men in response to a call for troops." This, then, is what we have to face, and the sooner the situation is realized the better. It is exactly one of those junctures which are comparatively harmless if grappled with manfully, but which, if allowed to get headway, may be very difficult to check. Already we have shown a culpable weakness in not insisting on the provincial authorities preserving order. How easily this might have been done at the outset is evidenced by the readiness with which the mandarins suppressed all violence the instant they saw that we were in earnest. Nothing is more remarkable about the recent riots than their sudden and complete cessation at the bidding of the local authorities. This is a lesson which every outbreak in China has taught us, and is one which belies the craven plea of the Chinese Government that it is powerless to preserve order in the provinces.

These remarks apply with greater force to the state of the capital, where for a long time foreigners have received scant courtesy, and where now we are told the people are becoming "more hostile to Europeans, who are stoned on passing the city walls." Unfortunately the attitude of the Legations towards the Tsungli Yamén has for a long time been that of suitors for favours. Like a fashionable beauty, the Chinese Government has received the court of the foreign Ministers, and has treated them as such ladies are traditionally described as being in the habit of behaving to their admirers. The least smile has been received with effusive joy, and frowns and impertinences have been regarded as only "pretty Fanny's ways." The result has been that the mandarins have found that they may go to almost any length in their hostility, and that if by chance they do overstep the limit of endurance, they have only to invite the Ministers to a New Year's feast, or to induce the Emperor to receive them as envoys of tributary States, to restore the normal condition of international relations.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the prominence which was given a day or two ago to the announcement that "the Emperor has begun the study of English arithmetic" is not the least unsatisfactory sign of the times. It is plain that, as after the Tientsin massacre and as after the murder of Margary, the Chinese Government now finds it expedient to throw a sop to the foreigners, and so forth. It is announced that the Emperor is studying English arithmetic. So gratifying is this fact considered that it heads the telegraphic summary from China; and unless care be taken it will be held to show so enlightened and progressive a spirit on the part of the ruling powers, that we may well accept their assurance that the murderers of the Christians will be duly punished, and that the best of all Governments may safely be trusted to preserve order within its dominions.

Not only is it in our interest that we should grasp this nettle danger, but it is also in the interest of the Chinese Government that we should do so. For some years the Government has given a loose rein to its anti-foreign subjects, and if this laxity be carried too far, the time may come when it may have to face another outbreak such as shook the Empire thirty years ago. Already the secret societies are giving rise to apprehensions at Peking, and it is found necessary to mete out speedy justice to any one that can be proved to belong to them. Only a few days ago a leader of the Kolao Hwui was summarily beheaded at Nanking, and so careful were the authorities to prevent the possibility of his escape that he was led to execution by a chain attached to an iron hook passed beneath his collar-bone. Unquestionably such societies as the Kolao Hwui may at any time become dangerous to the State. The members of that particular association number hundreds of thousands, and though in its inception it was merely a benefit society, circumstances have tended to convert it into a political brotherhood. It is therefore obviously the duty of the Government to keep a tight hand on its proceedings; but so far, instead of doing this, it has lent its countenance to the commission of acts of violence by the brethren, so long as foreigners have been their victims. Having thus sown the wind, the Government is beginning to find out that it has to reap the whirlwind. The taste for brigandage and outrage is easily acquired, and in so loosely jointed an empire as China successful brigandage sometimes takes the form of rebellion.

Careful observers of events in China will have noticed a certain similarity between the state of things which gave rise to the Taiping rebellion and that which exists at the present time.

Then, as now, the movement began in Hunan, and took the shape of outbreaks against the local authorities. In a short time the disaffection spread to the province of Kwangsi, and first one city and then another fell into the hands of the banditti. Not always, however, was victory on the side of the rioters, though success inclined to their arms. For more than two years this kind of desultory warfare was kept up, until a leader appeared who, taking a wider view of the situation than his fellows, proclaimed himself Emperor, and announced his determination to overthrow the ruling dynasty. At present we are in the initial stage of this course of procedure, and though as yet no leader has raised his standard, there is a curious revival of revolutionary literature in the centres of disaffection. For the most part these consist of prophecies ambiguously worded, and rhymes which convey their full meaning only to the initiated. One of the latest of these is the following:—

Arise and shine, thou blameless hero;
Eradicate the evil, and pacify the disobedient.
The Brethren are all marshalled,
Each with passport, sign and mark,
From Kao Chi, then appointed
Old traditions to impart.

To foreign ears these lines are not soul-stirring, but the last four were the "Marseillaise" of the Taiping rebels, and it is evidently with the intention of reviving the revolutionary spirit of that period that they are now reproduced. How far they will effect the object of the present disturbers of the Empire remains to be seen.

THE RUTHWELL CROSS.

SPACE, light and cool, still air, with mingled odours from the brine and the newly-ploughed land. The November sun wheels low in the southern sky, flashing miles of wet sand into dazzling glare, and turning to silver the distant tide of the placid but never-resting Solway. High on the west, beyond the Nith, rises the granite bulk of Criffel; on the hither side of it, five or six miles from where we stand, loom the dark towers of Carlevarock, ruined and tenantless now, and dozing into decrepitude among its ancient woodland, but once the centre of military stir—the chief defence of the western Scottish border. The hill to the right of the castle gave its name as the slogan of the once powerful clan of Maxwell—"Bide Wardlaw." Yonder to the south, beyond the wide firth, the Cumberland hills—Skiddaw and Saddleback—whitened with the first snow, stand pale but clear; further westward, beyond where the smoke-drift marks the sites of Whitehaven and Workington, may be traced, paler and less clear, the clustered summits of the Isle of Man. On the east the eye rests on a truncated green cone, conspicuous among the gentle undulations of the plain, visible, as Carlyle exultingly tells Goethe in one of his letters, from the heights above Craigenputtock. This is Birrenswark, a much-fortified and oft-contested stronghold—*Trimontium* of the Roman generals, who thus rendered the Celtic name *treamh monaidh* the village on the hill. To the north the view is contracted by the massive woods lying round the square, machicolated keep of Comlongon.

But in this—the march-land between Annandale and Nithdale, the country of Redgauntlet—once the eye begins to wander, memories rise thick and fast from every hill and hamlet, tower and river. For the present we have to do with the humble little kirk standing among the leafless ash-trees close at hand.

Ruthwell (pronounce it Rivell, if you would be understood of the people) must be for ever associated with the romantic as well as the comical side of archaeology; its name commemorates the snares laid for incautious disciples of Monkbarns, but also the triumphant success of scientific system.

Notwithstanding the deplorable zeal with which Scottish reformers of the sixteenth century carried out the demolition and defacement of the buildings and monuments erected under the old religion, there remained until 1642, within the parish kirk of Ruthwell, a lofty cross of stone, slender, richly carved in every part, and bearing inscriptions in Runic and Roman characters. In that year the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland, scandalized at the lenity which had spared this monument of idolatry, decreed its destruction. But it seems that, even in matters of religion, the Westland Whigs had bowels of mercy; the cross was cast down indeed, and its beautiful shaft and nimbed head were broken in several places, but it was suffered to remain within the church, where Pennant viewed it 130 years later, in 1772. Subsequently even that degree of respect was refused to it, and it was thrown out into the kirkyard, where wind, weather, and wanton mischief began to do their work, until, by a happy disposition of lay patronage, Dr. Duncan, father of savings-banks, was appointed to the parish and considerably rescued the fragments, pieced them together and set them up in the manse garden. There the cross stood till,

three or four years ago, some local antiquaries (may their names be held in everlasting honour!) concerned themselves to get the relic placed under shelter, and collected funds for the purpose. The result has been that once more it stands erect within the ugly little church which occupies the site of its original home. A sculptured cross, upwards of 17 feet high, placed in a position of honour in a Presbyterian kirk, gives rise to many curious reflections; it supplies a commentary on Scottish ecclesiastical history almost as pungent as the recent restoration of one of the side chapels in St. Giles Cathedral of Edinburgh in memory of Montrose.

There remains to be told the strange story of how the wise men interpreted the Runic description. Dr. Duncan made careful drawings of the cross, which remain unto this day a monument of fidelity, with one slight but significant exception. The worthy man knew nothing about Runes, and he copied that part of the legend which was in those characters with rigid accuracy; but when it came to transcribing the Latin—marry! he was at home there, and in order to carry out his interpretation of them, in reconstructing the cross he fitted into the Roman a piece of the Runic characters, with doleful results, as will be presently shown. Next came Mr. Thorleif Repp, an Icelandic scholar of renown, to whom Runes were, literally, A B C. These he transcribed faultlessly, and, assuming the language to be Old Norse, proceeded to interpret the inscription. It was really a most thrilling narrative which he unfolded. It related how "a vessel of Christ of eleven pounds weight, with ornaments, made by the Therfusan fathers, was given in expiation for the devastation of Ashlafardhal, i.e. the vale of Ashlafr." As if to place the interpretation beyond doubt, "there is," says the *New Statistical Account of Dumfriesshire*, "preserved along with the column an ornamental circular stone," which is, no doubt, the "vessel of Christ," or baptismal font, alluded to.

There was great throwing up of hats in antiquarian circles at the reading of this riddle by the erudite Repp. No one, it is true, had ever heard of the Therfusan fathers; but there were plenty of places in broad Scotland that could be identified with Ashlafardhal, the only difficulty was to decide upon which. But the jealousy of girls is as milk and honey to the rivalry of philologists, and here is Professor Finn Magnussen comes me cranking in, pronounces Repp a reprobate, and gives a totally different rendering to the Runes. He agrees, truly, that the language is Old Norse, but declares it is not a "devastation" at all that is commemorated, but a marriage! Moreover, deceived by the Latin characters inserted by Dr. Duncan among the Runes, he adds that the "Therfusan fathers" were a fond delusion of the luckless Repp, and that the words thus interpreted by him really meant "Osa, the descendant of Toda, caused it (the stone) to be cut."

This caused a stir, not altogether of a harmonious character, among the wise men who had been so effusively grateful to Mr. Thorleif Repp. However, equanimity having been restored, unanimity once more prevailed. But there are tiresome people who never know when to let well alone; and of these was one Mr. John Kemble, an Anglo-Saxon scholar, to whom it occurred, in 1838, to wonder why, seeing that the characters were Saxon Runes, the language of the inscription should be Norse. He set to work independently, and, on the assumption that the words were Anglo-Saxon, and none other, made them out to be a metrical soliloquy, supposed to be spoken on the Cross itself.

Over-curious Kemble! Forthwith there commenced a storm which raged for years between all the Universities of Western Europe, and might be raging still but for a little incident which occurred about thirty years ago. Among some Anglo-Saxon homilies preserved at Vercelli, near Milan, there chanced to be found a hymn entitled the "Dream of the Holy Rood," since known as Cædmon's hymn. In this the Cross—the original Cross of the Crucifixion—is supposed to address the sleeper, who dreams. There are in all fifty-nine lines in the hymn; of these seventeen were found to correspond word for word with the inscription on Ruthwell Cross, rendered by Mr. Kemble as follows:—

Then the young hero prepared himself,
That was Almighty God,
Strong and firm of mood
He mounted the lofty Cross
Courageously in the sight of many,

I raised the powerful king,
The Lord of the heavens;
I dared not fall down

They reviled us both together,
I was all stained with blood,
Poured from the man's side

Christ was on the cross,
Yet hither hastening,
Men came from afar
Unto the noble one.
I beheld that all
With sorrow I was overwhelmed.

I was all wounded with shafts;
They laid him down limb-weary,
They stood at the corpses head;
They beheld the Lord of Heaven.

Thus, all controversy being for ever set at rest, the traveller may do worse than exchange the Pulman car for a local crawler at Carlisle, and, stopping at Ruthwell, inspect this beautiful relic of the Anglo-Saxon church of Northumbria in the eighth century, and quaff a cup from the chalybeate spring, now called the Brow Well, but formerly the Rood Well, whence the parish derives its name.

MONEY MATTERS.

FOR five or six months past the Australian Colonies have been passing through a severe crisis, over twenty so-called banks having during that period closed their doors. Some of them are banks proper, but the larger number are either mortgage or land banks or mere loan companies. The crisis has been felt most severely in Sydney and Melbourne, but it has extended to the other colonies. In Tasmania, for example, the oldest bank in the colony—the Bank of Van Dieman's Land—closed its doors two months ago. It was nearly as old as the colony itself, having been founded in 1823. It was brought down mainly by the mining speculation, which passed all reasonable bounds in the island. Some of the failures show gross mismanagement, if nothing worse. Thus, the half-yearly meeting of the shareholders of the City of Melbourne Building Society was held on the 8th of October last, and a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. was declared, the shareholders being congratulated by the chairman on the sound position of the Company. Yet within two months—that is, on the first day of the current month—the doors were closed. According to the last report, there were no fewer than 850 shareholders, and the deposits amounted to 350,000*l*. Again, the half-yearly meeting of the Standard Bank of Australia, formerly called the Australian Freehold Banking Corporation, was held on the 1st of October. The chairman congratulated the meeting on the position of the Company, and a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. was declared. Yet it also has suspended payment. The paid-up capital, according to the last report, amounted to a quarter of a million sterling, and the deposits were as much as a million sterling. Once more, on the 18th of August the half-yearly meeting of the Metropolitan Bank of Melbourne was held, and the chairman stated he was very confident there was a bright future before the bank, yet it likewise has already closed its doors. The paid-up capital amounts to 389,000*l*. and the deposits to 835,000*l*. It is not surprising that we hear of legal proceedings having been instituted in some cases, and that arrests have been made. The Parliament of Victoria has taken action to ensure the depositors being paid; and we are told by the latest telegrams that the panic in Melbourne has subsided, and that everywhere confidence is returning. Some of the institutions, indeed, that have had to suspend have again opened their doors. The cause of the crisis is the wild speculation in land, houses, and mining, that ran rampant two or three years ago. While it lasted it raised prices in an extravagant way; indeed, land sometimes fetched higher prices in the neighbourhood of Melbourne and Sydney than could be got for plots of the same size equally near to London itself. The speculation was undoubtedly stimulated by the facility with which not only the Colonial Governments but all sorts of banking and financial institutions were able to obtain money in this country. Most credit institutions in Australia have branches or agencies at home, and they attract deposits, which are placed with them for a considerable time, by offering high rates of interest. How far this has been carried will appear from the fact that, according to the *Insurance and Banking Record* of June last—a very high authority—the deposits of the banks of issue alone then amounted in round figures to 150½ millions sterling, and that of those deposits over 39½ millions sterling, or more than 25 per cent., were raised in the United Kingdom. The figures, it will be understood, apply only to the banks of issue—many of them exceedingly well managed, and careful how they raise money at home for employment in the colonies. The smaller institutions act more freely; and there is no doubt that the pouring of British money into the colonies during the past eight or ten years has stimulated all kinds of bad business, and has resulted in the over-speculation and the crisis which the colonies are now suffering from.

The Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday put down their rate of discount from 4 per cent. to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The rate in the open market had already fallen to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; and, therefore, it was useless to try to keep up the Bank-rate. For the time being the supply of money is in excess of the demand, trade is quiet, and speculation is held in check. Bills, therefore, are very scarce; and the Bank of England has found it impossible to keep up quotations. Furthermore, the foreign demand for gold is less than every one anticipated a little while ago.

The silver market has continued quiet during the week, the price being steady at $43\frac{3}{4}$ d. per oz. The market had been looking forward with interest to President Harrison's Message, but it is not calculated to encourage speculation. It announces that the American Government will not open negotiations for another International Monetary Conference, an announcement which must have been generally expected after the Chancellor of the Exchequer's statement that our Government will not go farther than Mr. Gladstone was prepared to go ten years since. President Harrison further declares against the free coinage of silver, but he is prepared to continue the present policy; and he adds a threat that the United States will compel Europe to arrange with America for the rehabilitation of silver by draining the Old World of its gold. The threat is not a wise one, for it is clearly impossible of realization.

Up to Wednesday morning the recovery in inter-Bourse securities continued. But the beginning of the Fortnightly Settlement here on Wednesday morning showed that the account open for the fall is not as large as had generally been believed. Either the great French bankers have been playing a game of bounce, or the speculative sellers have been so thoroughly frightened that they have closed most of the accounts they had open. In either case the artificial support afforded to the market by the large account open for the fall has now been withdrawn, and it remains to be seen how long Paris can keep up prices. The famine in Russia grows worse and worse; the news from Brazil is again seriously disquieting; there is no improvement in the other South American countries; and the state of affairs in Spain, Portugal, and Italy is much as it was before. Besides, the Berlin Bourse is very weak. It is possible, of course, that the French bankers and French investors may prove stronger than is generally expected; but the reasonable probability is that we shall very soon see another sharp fall in inter-Bourse securities. Meantime there has been a very considerable rise this week in American railroad securities. The deficient harvests in Europe and the exceptionally abundant crops in the United States are producing the results that every thoughtful observer looked for. Trade in the United States is everywhere being stimulated by the immense European demand for food. The railway Companies all over the Union are showing extraordinary increases of traffic, so much so that most of the Companies have had to give notice that they will not for some time to come be able to take more grain for conveyance; they have already received deliveries of more than they can carry. It is clear, therefore, that the anticipated large earnings will be secured, and it is reasonable to look for higher dividend announcements. Already it is reported that the Lake Shore Company will at the end of the year declare a bonus of 2 per cent. over and above the ordinary dividend. At the same time, money in New York is abundant and cheap, and everything leads to the belief that it will continue so for a considerable time. It is not surprising, therefore, that speculation is reviving. It was held in check by the fear of a break-down on the Continental Bourses, and by the consequent abstention of great European operators; but, apparently, now that the Continental Bourses have recovered, European capitalists have once more begun to buy American securities, and the result is an almost general rise. On the other hand, the Colonial market is somewhat depressed by the Australian crisis referred to above. The Home Railway market is firm, and the general impression is that it will continue to improve. It is argued that the break-down in South America, the critical state of the Continental Bourses, and the danger of war, will divert investment from foreign to British securities, and that, therefore, a rise in Home Railway stocks is extremely probable.

The Board of Trade Returns, issued at the beginning of the week, are not very satisfactory, yet, considering all the circumstances, trade is fairly good, nor are the prospects for the future altogether discouraging. No doubt there will be a falling off in our business both with the Continent and with Australasia; but, on the other hand, our trade with the United States is likely to increase, and so also is that with India. The wheat market has not been moved as much as might have been expected.

As stated above, inter-Bourse securities have been carried higher during the week, with the exception of Portuguese, which

have again fallen sharply, on a report that the next coupon will not be paid in full. Portuguese Three per Cents closed on Thursday afternoon at $33\frac{1}{2}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $2\frac{1}{2}$. But Spanish rose as much as $1\frac{1}{2}$, closing on Thursday afternoon at $65\frac{1}{2}$. Russian rose $\frac{3}{4}$, closing on Thursday at $94\frac{1}{2}$, and Italian rose $\frac{1}{2}$, closing at $90\frac{1}{2}$. In most South American securities there has not been much change during the week to call for notice, except in Brazilian, the threatening state of affairs in the province of Rio having caused a sharp decline. Brazilian Four and a Half per Cents of 1888 closed on Thursday afternoon at 63, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $2\frac{1}{2}$; while the Four per Cents of 1889 closed at 59, a fall of 3. On the other hand, there has been a general rise in American Railroad securities. Erie shares, for example, closed on Thursday afternoon at $32\frac{1}{2}$, a rise, compared with the preceding Thursday, of $1\frac{1}{2}$. Chesapeake and Ohio closed at $26\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$, and Milwaukee closed at 81, a rise of 2. Of the three shares now mentioned, two are purely speculative, and therefore are entirely unsuited to investors. Milwaukee shares are somewhat different. For two or three years no dividend has been paid owing to the over-construction in 1886-7; but the traffic receipts are now so large that there is a general expectation the Company will soon be able to resume dividend payments. Louisville and Nashville shares closed on Thursday at $83\frac{1}{2}$, a rise, compared with the preceding Thursday, of $2\frac{1}{2}$. Illinois shares closed at $108\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of as much as $3\frac{1}{2}$. New York Central shares closed at $120\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$; and Lake Shore shares closed at $130\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$. In Home Railway stocks, too, there has been a general advance. Great Western closed at $158\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at 110, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; North-Western closed at 174, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$; and North-Eastern closed at $159\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$. Again, Indian Three per Cent. stock closed on Thursday afternoon at $95\frac{1}{2}$, a rise, compared with the preceding Thursday, of $\frac{1}{2}$, and Consols closed at $95\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$.

MR. TREE ON THE NEW DRAMA.

ON Sunday last Mr. Beerbohm Tree delivered an interesting lecture to the Playgoers' Club on "Some Interesting Fallacies of the Modern Stage." Of Mr. Tree's general remarks there is little to say, except that we hope to see them ere long in a more expanded form than the inadequate reports of the lecture were able to give us. He indulged in some good-humoured banter at the expense of his own Monday nights, the Independent Theatre, and the so-called Literary Drama—his criticism of the latter coming very appropriately after Mr. Traill's article in the *New Review*. There is only one point in which we seriously dissent from his opinion. In condemning Herr Ibsen as a dramatist he called him a philosophic writer. Now whatever Herr Ibsen's claims may be as a dramatist, a poet, or a prophet, he is never philosophic. In those social dramas of his where Mr. Bernard Shaw finds the new revelation there is not a trace of the philosophic element. Herr Ibsen is merely a reporter. He may be a bad reporter, reporting what should be left alone or what does or does not exist. He may be a good reporter. He may be a teacher giving us moral lessons, like the Headmaster of Harrow; but this does not make him a philosopher, or even a very profound thinker because other people think about him. But Mr. Tree was doubtless only considering his audience: for when he says that "people went to the theatre primarily to see play-acting, and that the first requirement of a play was that it should be actable," he is impregnable. We have nothing to add to so orthodox a sentiment—a sentiment that not even the heretics of the Independent Theatre could find fault with, though some of them are so anxious to turn the stage into a pulpit, and to "place under our noses" (to use Dr. Aveling's own choice words) "the ulcers of society." Apart, however, from the attention any of Mr. Tree's remarks on dramatic questions must receive at any time, the present occasion was one of peculiar interest, owing to the prevailing curiosity with regard to the works of M. Maurice Maeterlinck, whom he discussed at some length with great perspicacity and comprehension.

M. Maurice Maeterlinck, whose name must be carefully pronounced as it is not spelt, is a Flemish writer, and the author of certain poems, translations from the Flemish, and three dramas. *L'Intruse*, *Les Aveugles*, *La Princesse Maleine*—all dramas of a sort—threaten to become the subject of much controversy, or, as Mr. Tree happily puts it, fallacies of the modern stage. Mr. William Archer, with the enthusiasm of a railway porter labelling luggage for the Continent, has already ticketed the new foreign author "A Pessimist Playwright"; while even less discreet critics dub him "the Belgian Shakespeare," or "the Belgian Ibsen."

It is too much to hope that Mr. Tree's judicious criticisms of

the merits and failings of the "Pessimist Playwright" will stem the flood of exaggerated eulogy that is about to overwhelm us. M. Maeterlinck's resemblance to Ibsen is very remote unless we admit, to quote Mr. Tree's words, "that the broad grasp of the true dramatist is not to be found in him." And we do admit it. Then, of course, if admirers go for anything, the same elect who ran after Bunthorne are sure to go dancing after Archibald. *Wild Ducks* and *Doll's Houses* are cheap to-day, while Maeterlinck's, on commercial if not on literary grounds, are priced high and are rising. Mr. Tree confesses that, except in *L'Intruse*, he finds little or no dramatic value in the Maeterlinck masterpieces, but he allows a literary quality to all of them, though he modestly refrained from discussing them from this point of view. What, indeed, shall be said of a dramatist (?) whose pathos is confined to stage directions, whose tragedy consists of theatrical properties, and whose dialogue never soars above Dr. Ahn Ollendorff, and *How to Learn French in Three Months*. In one of the extracts he read from *L'Intruse*, Mr. Tree says he detects sparks of genius. The sparks belonged, however, to the lecturer who read them and not to M. Maeterlinck their author. Here is a specimen:—

Grandfather. And you see no one, Ursula?
Daughter. No one, grandfather.
Father. What sort of weather is it?
Daughter. Very fine. Do you hear the nightingales?
Uncle. Yes, certainly.
Daughter. A breeze is stirring in the avenue.
Grandfather. A breeze stirring in the avenue?
Daughter. Yes, the trees are rustling softly.
Uncle. It is strange that my sister does not come.

And so it goes on in the same pedestrian prose, the simplicity of which is positively ornate in its studied dullness. In the stage directions M. Maeterlinck is more diverting; lamps go out of themselves, flowers grow up from the stage, doors refuse to shut. In fact, it is all done on Mr. Puff's principle in the *Critic*. "I open with a clock striking to beget an awful attention in the audience; it also marks the time, which is four o'clock in the morning, and saves a description of the rising sun and a great deal about gilding the eastern hemisphere." That incomparable dramatist, Mr. Puff, was evidently the pioneer of the modern Belgian drama. Yet M. Maeterlinck is vastly entertaining; he has something to say, we believe, but he has not yet said it. *La Princesse Maleine* is too obvious a pastiche of *Hamlet*, and, like *Les Aveugles*, dramatically speaking, impossible. He may improve on acquaintance, but in the last-mentioned drama he has carefully neglected an opportunity. "Let the drama be literary, but first let it be dramatic," says Mr. Tree, with great good sense. We would add, "Let literature be dramatic by all means, but let it be literature." But now we know all about Dutch sensitivists and Norwegian sensualists, it is quite fitting we should have something from Belgium.

THE CATTLE SHOW.

THIS year's Cattle Show has suffered to some extent from the fact that London is at present a scheduled district for pleuro-pneumonia, and consequently no cattle once sent in can be sent out again, except for slaughter, for eight days. Naturally, many young animals intended for exhibition hereafter have been kept back. The Show, nevertheless, is very good, but it is not up to what it would have been were it not for this untoward circumstance. As a matter of course, the provincial shows have benefited by what has been a drawback for Islington. Thus, to begin with, the earliest of the great Christmas fat-stock exhibitions, that held at Norwich three weeks ago, was one of the very best ever held in that city. Not only was the number of animals present quite up to the average, but the quality throughout was exceptionally good; and particularly there was a very large attendance of young beasts. At Norwich the classes are arranged differently from what they are both in Birmingham and in London. Perhaps the finest of all, and one of the finest seen for years at any show, was that for cows or heifers of any breed or cross-breed, for Devon shorthorns, and red-polled. In this the first prize went to the Queen for a beautiful Devon heifer three years and nine months old. The animal also won the championship as "the best cow or heifer in the Show," and afterwards as "the best beast in the Show." The Birmingham Show, which opened a fortnight ago, was even better. The cattle classes were filled with somewhat over the average number of animals, and the quality in many of the sections was extremely high, the number of young animals of light weight and edible meat being exceptionally striking. So good, indeed, was the quality throughout that the judges found a difficulty in making their awards; and, in the case of the final championship, they had to call in an umpire. The two favourites were the Devon heifer which won the Norwich championship for

the Queen and a very beautiful polled Aberdeen heifer belonging to Mr. Eggington. In the end, the latter animal carried off the honours, its owner receiving in prizes altogether 255l.

Owing to the cause referred to above, there was an absence of young animals in the Smithfield Show this week, and altogether the number present was under the average. The West Highlanders and the cross-breds made a fine display; but in all the other sections the attendance was small. The quality, however, was fairly good, especially in the Devon, Hereford, Shorthorns, and Aberdeen Angus sections. Only three animals had been entered in the new class of Galloways, and no more than two for small cattle weighing less than 11 cwt. In short, the original entries amounted to 288; but when the catalogue was prepared only 247 remained, and the actual appearances were no more than 192. From these figures it will be seen what a great disadvantage the Show had to labour under, owing to the scheduling of the district. As usual, there have been some remarkable instances of the reversal of judgments made at Norwich and Birmingham. As already stated, the Queen's Devon heifer won the prize at Norwich; but it was defeated at Birmingham by Mr. Eggington's Aberdeen Angus heifer. At the Agricultural Hall, however, Mr. Eggington's heifer was put only in the third place, while the championship prize was awarded to a Devon steer, exhibited by Mr. John Wortley. More remarkable still, the prize animal of Birmingham did not even get the cup for the best cow or heifer, that being carried off by a shorthorn, bred at Windsor. Naturally there is much difference of opinion created by these awards. However, leaving the question of whether the decision is right or wrong, we pass to the several classes. The Devons, which have carried away the championship, were a small but fine class. Only two appeared among the younger steers; but the class for steers above three and not over four years was well filled. The Herefords were also fairly good. But only twenty shorthorns appeared altogether, the smallest number for many years at the Smithfield Club Show. The Sussex cattle were fairly well shown, and the red-polled were good; but the polled Aberdeen Angus cattle made one of the most attractive features in the Hall. They numbered twenty-four altogether, a number only exceeded by the cross-breds and just equalled by the Herefords. The West Highlanders, as already stated, were very well represented. Out of twenty-five entries only two were absent. There were two capital classes, one for steers and oxen and the other for heifers and cows. The cross-breds, besides being more numerous, included many excellent beasts. Welsh cattle were hardly up to the mark, though there were very good beasts amongst them; and the Kerrys and Dexters were not as well represented as was anticipated, some of the principal exhibitors being shut out by the age limit. As already said, the separate classes for small cattle of other breeds than the Kerry were very poorly attended, the two animals sent being, indeed, Kerry crosses. Considering the disadvantages which the Show laboured under, it must be pronounced successful; but all the same the fact is undeniable that it was not as good as the greatest of all the fat-stock shows of the country ought to be. Mainly, as already explained, this is due to the fact that London is a scheduled district, and that therefore very many young beasts which would have been exhibited were kept away at the last moment. Probably no animal was sent which is not intended for slaughter in London before Christmas. But the fact only makes more evident what we have often insisted upon, that the Smithfield Club Show has become too much a mere professional exhibition. Again and again the same names carry away the prizes, and hardly any one but a very wealthy person can expect to be successful. The Club thus fails to effect as much good as it might do, and it certainly does not carry out the intentions of its founders.

The sheep were poorly represented, why it is not easy to say. There was a falling off in Cotswolds, Lincolns, and Kentish and Romney Marsh, there being only seven pens of the latter, and not a single one of Cotswold wethers. On the other hand, Hampshires were numerous; so were Oxfordshires, and the cross-breds were very strong. The total number of pens entered was only 186, against 224 twelve months ago and 205 the year before. The quality generally speaking, however, was good. In Southdowns the classes of wethers and lambs were especially excellent, and the section altogether firm, the pens numbering 31. Devon and other pure longwools had only four entries, and Shropshires were not very fine. But there was an excellent class of Leicester wethers—indeed, Leicesters were generally better represented than for many years. And the Lincolns, though few in number, contained some fine specimens, including the champion pen of longwools. Hampshires were not only the most numerous, but for the most part were very fine in quality; and the cross-breds were perhaps the best in the Show, being numerous as well as good in quality. The pig classes were fairly well filled. The whites were not so numerous nor so good as usual, perhaps; but the blacks were exceptionally good—better, we are inclined to

think, than for many years past, and so were the cross-breds. The show of seeds, roots, manures, cattle foods, and implements is stated to be the largest ever seen. Upon the whole, taking into consideration the disadvantages under which the Club labours, the Show this year was very satisfactory; what was wanting in numbers being made up for by excellence of quality. We venture to think, however, that hardly enough of attention was given to sheep and pigs. It is to be borne in mind that the breeders and feeders of these have to sustain a much keener competition than the breeders and feeders of horned cattle, and that, therefore, they are in need of greater encouragement. Much, no doubt, may be urged upon the other side; but, if shows really have the influence attributed to them, it seems worth while to give support to those branches of live-stock farming which most require it.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

IT was unlucky for Mr. F. C. Philips and Mr. Percy Fendall that there was no Sarah Bernhardt or Mrs. Bernard Beere available to create the part of the heroine in their new play, *Margaret Byng*, produced on Tuesday at the Criterion Theatre. It is essentially a one-part play, and this one part needs exceptional dramatic powers and stage experience to be rendered in the least degree interesting. Mrs. Margaret Byng is a widow lady—her husband, a poor sort of creature, dies in the first act—whose notions of right and wrong are mixed—very. She is, moreover, an old acquaintance; for we have met her over and over again as Feodora, Stéphanie de Mohrivar, as La Tosca and Mrs. Clarkson, &c. She dresses elegantly, a trifle “loudly”; she has no scruples, but now and then whines about the injustice of man to woman, and talks in a purring whisper about her happy innocent childhood and heaven. This she generally does when about to accomplish something uncommonly iniquitous. Mrs. Byng accepts hush-money from a Corsican who has murdered and robbed a gentleman in the train between Monte Carlo and Nice. Of course, her lover is the nearest relative of the murdered man, and, of course, in one of her good fits she confesses everything to him, and then in one of her bad moods she tells the Corsican she has made a clean breast of it. On this the Corsican thinks she is altogether too dangerous to be allowed to live, and he forthwith kills her just as the police are breaking into the hotel to arrest him. All this trouble brings about some very strong scenes and startling situations, out of which a Sarah Bernhardt might make capital; but a gentle, sympathetic, graceful young actress like Miss Estelle Burney is quite lost in the coils of this modern “serpent of old Nile.” She neither looked the part nor could—nor can she ever—act it. Rewritten, the piece, which had considerable merit, might be turned to account by a powerful actress. It served the purpose of showing how admirable an artist is Mr. C. Brookfield, whose Corsican was a very remarkable performance indeed. His “make-up” was perfect. He looked the sallow feline Southern to the life, and his soft Italian accent added not a little to the truthfulness of the sketch. We say “sketch” advisedly, for the authors have not attempted to develop the character, which is subordinate in every way to that of the principal actress, whereby, as is always the case in one-part plays, the whole drama appears out of proportion. A word of praise is due to Mr. Ben Webster for his capital acting as the lover, and to Mr. W. Herbert for his pathetic representation of the luckless but very gentlemanly husband of the bad Mrs. Byng.

A neatly constructed and fairly well written *lever de rideau* by Mr. Eden Phillpott, entitled *A Breezy Morning*, now serves to amuse early visitors to see *Godpapa* at the Comedy. A newly married couple select a retired spot in Wales for their honeymoon. He fishes, and she sketches. Both soon get bored to death, and end by quarrelling. Happily they are speedily reconciled, and the breeze passes away pleasantly enough. We rather think we have read this little piece in a French version. However, be this as it may, the trifle is graced with exceptionally concise and witty dialogue. Mr. S. Sothorn plays the part of the young husband extremely well, and Miss Florence Fordyce is a pretty bride. *Godpapa* appears as lively and attractive as ever, and Mr. Hawtrey and Mr. Brookfield, Miss Lottie Venne and Miss Annie Irish are nightly received with the cordiality their efforts to amuse deserve.

The next performance of the Independent Theatre (the Royalty), which will take place early in January, will be exceptionally interesting. The programme will consist of Mr. C. W. Jarvis's translation of *L'Intruse* of Maeterlinck; a one-act play by Mr. Arthur Symons entitled *The Minister's Call*, founded on Mr. Frank Harris's very clever story, *A Modern Idyll*; and Théodore de Banville's *Le Baiser*, done into English by Mr. John Gray.

A new three-act opera—the libretto by Mr. George Dance, and

the music by Mr. Ivan Caryll—has been selected for the opening of Miss Violet Melnotte's new theatre, the Trafalgar, which she is building in St. Martin's Lane, and which will be ready early in April.

Mr. H. James's *The American* has been withdrawn from the Opera Comique, and is now replaced every evening by a triple bill—*The Queen's Room*, with Mrs. Lancaster Wallis as Mary Stuart; *Hook and Eye*, and *The Liar*. *The Road to Ruin* was played for the first time this season at a matinée on Wednesday. It will form the evening bill next week.

THE WEATHER.

WE have again to report a week of mild weather; on most days temperature has been very high for the time of year in all districts. In London on Thursday (3rd) the maximum was 57°, on Friday 56°, and on Saturday 58°, the average maximum for December being only 44°. Since Sunday, however, it has been lower generally, frost being registered on Monday night in some parts of the country. On Thursday morning (3rd) a large and rather deep depression had approached us from the Atlantic, causing a renewal of the southerly and south-westerly gales in the West and North, and the weather was squally and rainy during the day over the United Kingdom, with thunder and lightning in Ireland at night. On Friday morning this depression had reached the coast of Norway, and the barometer was rising at all our coast stations; the weather was fine over the greater part of our islands, but later in the day dull weather spread eastward and rain fell in many places; it was fine on the Continent generally, but there was rain at several of the Norwegian, German, and French stations, with snow over Lapland and Northern Russia. On Saturday morning there was a secondary depression lying off the North of Scotland, and it was cloudy and overcast in all but the Southern counties; slight rain fell during the day in nearly all parts of the United Kingdom, and large amounts in the South of Ireland. Fogs were reported at some of the French and German stations and in the South of Russia. On Sunday it was beautifully fine, more especially in London, but a solar halo was observed during the day, and the weather became very unsettled in the south-west, with heavy rain at night. On Monday morning a deep but not large depression had advanced rapidly from the Atlantic to St. George's Channel, and moved quickly to the north-eastward, and gales were felt in all parts of the kingdom. In London the barometer fell briskly throughout the day, and the wind was strong and gusty, with heavy showers. Strong winds and gales continued to blow during the night, but on Tuesday they had subsided, and the depression was lying over the entrance to the Baltic; it was fine and bright over England, but the barometer was falling quickly in the West of Ireland, and fresh gales and strong winds accompanied by rain became general, and snow fell in Scandinavia and the North of Scotland. On Wednesday the weather had greatly improved, and in the East and South-East of England it was bright and fine; but the barometer was falling briskly during the day in the West of Ireland, and at night south-westerly and westerly gales were experienced all over our Islands. It continued to blow heavily on Thursday, and the general conditions were favourable for the advance of fresh disturbances from the Atlantic.

TICKS IN JAMAICA.

WE incidentally gather from the contents of a paper read before the Fellows of the Linnæan Society at their last meeting, and from statements made in the discussion that ensued, that the inhabitants of Jamaica are indeed in parlous case, their cattle and horse-rearing industry, to say nothing of their own health and comfort, being threatened by a terrible plague of ticks, against the attacks of which extremely disagreeable parasites they appear to be absolutely powerless. But, as we must confess to have heard a very different version of the great tick question from those who should speak with authority, we can only paraphrase old Topsy, and say that, “For our part which write the story, we acknowledge that no man must look for that at our hands which we have not received from some other, for we would be unwilling to write anything untrue or uncertain out of our own invention; therefore hearken unto that which we have observed out of others.” The author of the paper in question and those who took part in the discussion, while holding different views on many points, were at least cordially agreed on two—namely, that Jamaica, after a long period of financial depression, is now entering, or has lately entered, upon a period of prosperity; and that this pro-

mised prosperity is seriously threatened by ticks. The Jamaica ticks—for it appears doubtful whether there are not at least two distinct forms—are from all accounts “fearful wildfowl,” given to attacking with the greatest impartiality every living thing that is unfortunate enough to come within their reach, be that living thing man or beast, fowl, reptile, or batrachian; and one of the speakers gave a truly doleful account of their operations. He described them as swarming in the island in countless numbers wherever there is vegetation, even to an elevation of 4,000 feet, and as being so persistent in their attacks as to render it impossible to move from the house without being covered with them, and added that “ticking” forms a recognized part of the Jamaicans’ toilette. Children, it appears, at certain times of the year, are not allowed to leave the houses, but are obliged to obtain their necessary air and exercise in the verandahs, the effect of tick bites being considered dangerous to them. But the annoyance caused to humans is as nothing to the havoc wrought among animals, which is described as being so serious as to threaten the destruction of horse- and cattle-breeding as an industry. This is the view of the situation as presented to the Linnean Society, and we can only hope in the interest of the otherwise most unfortunate colonists that the picture has been painted in too vivid colours. That ticks exist in Jamaica in considerable numbers there is no doubt, as there is equally no doubt that they form one of the plagues of the tropics; but it appears to be a moot point whether, as alleged, their numbers are sufficient to seriously threaten the prosperity of the colony. It was added during the discussion that their numbers are largely on the increase, and two suggestions were made to account for this fact—one that the increase was due to the abandonment of the practice of burning the grass, and the other that it was caused by the introduction of the mongoose into the island, this animal having been turned down for the purpose of destroying rats—as it was alleged that it had turned its attention to the destruction of birds, lizards, &c., which formerly preyed on ticks. Curiously enough the ticks are very widely distributed, being, indeed, too well known in Europe, though they most abound throughout the tropics, and especially in America; they are supposed, apparently on good authority, not to be indigenous to Jamaica, but to have been introduced from the mainland. Whether this is so or not, we do not, however, profess to determine.

THE BARBER OF BAGDAD.

CORNELIUS’S comic opera, *The Barber of Bagdad*, was first performed in England by the students of the Royal College of Music, at the Savoy Theatre, last Wednesday afternoon. The composer, who was a near relation of the painter of the same name, was born in 1824, and after various studies in literature and the drama, in 1852 became a prominent supporter of the young school of musicians who looked upon Wagner, Liszt, and Berlioz as their leaders, and who strove by pen and precept to work those far-reaching reforms in the musical drama the results of which have completely revolutionized the operatic stage. *The Barber of Bagdad*, of which the composer, following Wagner’s example, was also the librettist, was written at Weimar, between 1856 and 1858, so that at the date of its composition Cornelius cannot have witnessed a performance of any of Wagner’s works written later than *Lohengrin*, and probably had not seen the score of either *Das Rheingold*, *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried*, or *Tristan und Isolde*, all of which were either partially or completely finished before 1858. These dates are of some importance in estimating Cornelius’s position, for they prove that the influence of Wagner’s music upon him in writing the *Barber* was comparatively slight, although the score shows throughout that he had completely grasped the theory which the Bayreuth master had promulgated in 1852 in his *Oper und Drama*.

The story of *The Barber of Bagdad* is derived from one of the most familiar tales in the *Arabian Nights*, and the opera is divided into two acts. The second act of the libretto is far better than the first. The latter is very deficient in action, and the effect of the scene between the Barber and the servants at its close is much weakened by a somewhat similar scene earlier in the act. But, though wanting in dramatic interest, the book is well written, and the character of the original has been very happily preserved in the skilful translation of it by the Rev. M. E. Browne, which was used on Wednesday. With regard to the music, its chief characteristic is its extraordinary cleverness and novelty. Cornelius does not reject either concerted pieces or choruses, but he uses them in a manner which is entirely his own. His vocal writing is extremely difficult and full of curious and unusual modulations, yet the effect is never anything but pleasing, and occasionally his ideas are both beautiful in themselves and in their working out. His love of cross-rhythms is very marked, and

his continual use of bars of unequal measure produces a very happy effect, though the means by which it is produced are never prominent. The *ensemble* in the second act is a masterpiece of ingenious writing. Less intricate than the street scene in Wagner’s *Meistersinger*—which, in some respects, it recalls—the effect it creates is attained entirely by musical means, and it never degenerates into mere noise. This, and the final *ensemble*, the dignity and beauty of which are almost too massive for comic opera, are the most striking numbers; but the charming duet between Bostana and Noureddeen, the Barber’s song to Morgana, the Trio at the opening of Act II., the lovely cry of the muezzins, and parts of the love-scene are all full of good points and new ideas. The orchestration, though occasionally showing signs of inexperience, is extraordinarily interesting; for in it the composer displays to the greatest advantage his skill in interweaving themes and inventing new rhythms. Even at a single hearing many little touches in the instrumentation appear singularly happy. The passage in the scene with Bostana in Act I., in which Noureddeen compares her to the dove sent from the ark, is remarkable for the closeness with which the words are followed without interrupting the sequence of musical ideas. When Aboul first enters, his solemn greeting is accompanied by a little figure of two notes which are heard from various instruments in succession and produce a really comic effect. Equally good is the Barber’s description of his six brothers, and the graceful orchestral passages which accompany Noureddeen’s entreaties to be shaved. On the other hand, the use of the trombones is at times injudicious, though, considering that *The Barber of Bagdad* is comparatively the work of a beginner, its instrumentation is remarkably free from faults. That the opera is wanting in humour is more owing to the subject than to the treatment bestowed on it by the composer. Cornelius’s bent seems to have been towards serious work, and it must always be a subject for regret that the reception of *The Barber of Bagdad* at Weimar should have deterred him so long from writing again for the stage. In his only other opera, *The Cid*, he is said to have fallen strongly under the influence of Wagner.

The care which had been bestowed upon the production was evident in the thoroughness of every detail. Soloists, chorus, and orchestra all knew the work thoroughly, and the general *ensemble* deserves high praise. The opera is hardly one suited to inexperienced actors and singers, but individual shortcomings were atoned for by the earnestness and enthusiasm which characterized all concerned, and the general result was, considering the youth of the performers, astonishingly good. Mr. Magrath’s Barber was both vocally and dramatically the best of the cast, but the Caliph of Mr. Sandbrook, though the part is a small one, was almost equally good. The opera was admirably conducted by Professor Stanford, and the wonderful smoothness of the stage-management owed everything to the care of Mr. Brookfield. So much interest has been aroused by the performance that it is announced for repetition next week.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE THISTLE.

The Philosopher.

KNOW ye the land which the dock and the thistle
Have claimed for their rank and unfruitful domain,
When it might be providing the muscle and gristle
Of badly-fed Britons with nutrient grain?

For the fields that I speak of you need to explore
No remote agricultural district of Wessex—
Far from it! they lie at the Londoner’s door,
In his closely contiguous county of Essex.

If with golden-eared corn they no longer are waving,
That fact I ascribe to the influence dire
Of our land-laws restrictive, effete, and enslaving,
Our burden oppressive of parson and squire.

O! abolish the squire and the parson, and then
A new era will dawn, and these derelict acres
Will furnish support for some thousands of men,
To say nothing of business for hundreds of bakers.

The Minister of Agriculture.

What? Know we this desolate, weed-ridden garden?
Well, yes, for myself, I undoubtedly do;
But I’m rather disposed, if the question you’ll pardon,
To ask in return, my dear M-r-l-y, do you?

For alas! it is far from uncommon for land
To revert to the rule of the dock and the thistle;
The farmer, unlucky, who had it in hand
May have found that its produce won’t pay for his whistle.

And with wheat at below thirty shillings a quarter,
And soil which consists of the strongest of clays,
If he isn't possessed of the alchemist's mortar,
The gold of its ears will be all that it pays.

So since thus he finds prices inadequate mock
His best industry, never so skilfully till he,
I must say your remarks on the thistle and dock
Would—if not a philosopher's—strike me as silly.

The Philosopher.

I am no agriculturist—that I acknowledge;
I do not pretend on strong clays to be strong;
But I studied the science of logic at college,
And guided by that I can hardly go wrong.

So that when I remind you that shrewd Sir J-hn G-rst
Made my very remark about acres neglected,
As a candid logician you'll own yourself forced
To admit that you ought to stand humbly corrected.

Tertius Quidam.

But we, my dear sir, must respectfully wonder
That thus in your reas'ning "two wrongs" you unite,
For, albeit that one's a philosopher's blunder,
We cannot admit that the pair "make a right."

It is vain, in excuse for an error foregone,
To appeal to a fellow-delinquent to screen you;
But since you are sharing "the dock" with Sir J-hn,
Let "the thistle" be also divided between you.

REVIEWS.

PITT.*

IT is perhaps not strictly necessary, but it cannot but be graceful, to condole with Lord Rosebery on the terms in which his book on Pitt has been spoken of by some maladroit well-wishers in the daily press. A man of sense and taste, who has done a good piece of historical work very well in substance, and with more than average success in form, cannot but be somewhat mortified at finding that flatterers suppose him to possess so little sense and so little taste as to be pleased with a daub of laudatory epithets which might be cavilled at if applied to the combined work of a Thucydides, a Tacitus, a Froissart, a Clarendon, a Gibbon, and a Macaulay. Such behaviour is not only grossly silly and ill-bred, it is also very unfair. For the reader—prepared for his *macédoine* of Macaulay, Gibbon, Clarendon, Froissart, Tacitus, and Thucydides—is likely to find Lord Rosebery's actual work tame and ordinary, instead of finding it, as he would otherwise have done, and as it certainly is, bright and interesting. The author has comprehended the end and object of such books as this better than some persons of greater experience. He has been able to give a few unpublished letters, both from Pitt and about him, to satisfy the greed of the desirers of some new things. But he has seen that, in such a book, what is wanted is a fresh and intelligent summary and criticism of the existing knowledge of the subject from as original a point of view as possible—not mere grubbing into documents the result of which there is no space to set forth. Lord Rosebery seems, indeed, to think that there is a good deal still to be found out about Pitt from such documents. We own that we, on the other hand, doubt it; and more than doubt it. The superstition of the document is, no doubt, heavy on the present generation; but we know few cases in which it seems to us less likely to be justified than this. Pitt was not a man of many friends, nor were there many of his friends who were likely to be able to throw real light on such of his actions as are obscure. Nor is the number of those actions really large. Lord Rosebery is cumbered (as becomes an at least nominal Home Ruler) with his abandonment of what is called a "generous" (which seems to mean anything you like except a just) policy towards Ireland. But there is no real mystery in that, and the change of Pitt's attitude from that of the most desperately peaceful to that of the most obligingly warlike Minister in English history is amply explained by circumstance. The general truths of his career and his character no one can miss who brings fair brains to the consideration of the already known facts. And we repeat that we entertain the gravest doubts whether not yet known facts are likely to give much further elucidation.

In using these facts Lord Rosebery displays both good knowledge and good sense. It is unlucky that there should be a little blunder on the first page and in the first sentence; for "when Hawke did bang Mounseer Conflang," it was assuredly not so much "off Brest" as off Belleisle; and there may be a few similar

slips elsewhere. But they are never of much moment. Occasionally, indeed, we do catch Lord Rosebery indulging in hasty generalization, and still more often, though still not very often, submitting himself to party catchwords or too docilely adopting party prejudices. But he is never quite the slave of either. He has a high and generous estimate of his subject's talents and character—indeed, to tell the truth, he is rather fonder of Mr. Pitt (he was "Mr. Pitt" at seven years old, and it is always more natural to speak of him so) than we have ever quite been able to be. He seems even half-ashamed himself for being so enthusiastic about a person who is *anathema maranatha* to his party; and then, by a very natural and comic touch, he goes over to Fox for a page or so, and says in effect, "Yes, Mr. Fox, but you were a very fine fellow, too." A very good fellow Mr. Fox certainly was in his way, and so was that earlier Charles, his Majesty Charles II. But we have never been fully able to understand why the one Charles should be put in a sort of *Inferno*, with the Treaty of Dover on his head in guise of leaden cowl, while the other is allowed to express—repeatedly, shamelessly, passionately—his hopes for the defeat of English arms and the triumph of French; the success of French negotiations and the failure of English; the general good luck of France and ill luck of England. Lord Rosebery, to do him justice, goes out of his way to say how very uncomfortable these passages make him feel. *Qu'allait-il faire, ce bon Lord Rosebery, dans cette maudite galère Gladstonienne?*

For whether Pitt died or not with the words "my country" on his lips (and we do not think the story which Lord Rosebery quotes from Mr. Disraeli about a Cock and a Bull and a waiter at Bellamy's settles the question, even if we accept every word of it), Lord Rosebery himself ends his book with a fervent and really eloquent panegyric on Pitt's patriotism, and he keeps this virtue steadily before his readers' eyes throughout. To take some points separately, his treatment of George III., though a great advance on that of his party generally, is a little unfair. It used to be the Liberal cue to speak of the King as an honest but hopeless fool. Lord Rosebery admits to the full his remarkable, though singularly narrow and partial, ability, and does not deny his honesty. But we do not think he is justified in representing him as a domestic tyrant; and we are sure that it is grossly unfair to represent the King as holding merely "the view of property" as applied to his dominions and subjects. No doubt great George our King dwelt strongly on the "my" in regard to both; but it was surely as much from the point of view of duty towards them as of rights over them.

There are some other points in Lord Rosebery's treatment of Pitt's life and career, with things adjoining thereto, on which we must comment briefly. His account of that astonishing battle between a young and untried man and a coalition of the most experienced politicians in England is readable, even after Macaulay, and, it need hardly be said, less rhetorical. But Lord Rosebery has either most oddly missed or most adroitly ignored the real moral. With his usual loyalty, he admits that Pitt's triumph was literally and wholly the result of the will of the people, and that the backing of the East India Company and the King had really very little to do with it. But with the strange refusal to recognize facts which characterizes his political party, he will not see the proof that this gives of the thoroughly and beneficially representative character of the eighteenth-century House of Commons. As a fact, at no time in English history has that House so thoroughly deserved the name. It did not, perhaps, represent the passing opinion of brute numbers; it represented everything else—every interest, every faculty, every important element of the nation. The official constituencies were ballast for the Government; the county seats kept the greatest of all interests, agriculture, in constant memory; the rotten boroughs represented the aristocracy, gave full opportunity to the commercial interests, admitted young and professional talent as it has never been admitted since. There were even constituencies which were popular in the fullest sense of the word, and represented nothing but numbers. The system was absolutely indefensible *a priori*, and worked with marvellous success. Our present system is (we believe, we don't know) theoretically almost perfect, and has given us some of the worst and most mischievous Houses of Commons that have ever been known. On Ireland we do not expect complete frankness from Lord Rosebery. He is tied beforehand; we know both what he would, and what he has to, say. But Providence has its kindnesses for the honest man, and we are inclined to believe that, though he has read the Rutland Papers, he does not quite know how absolutely the quasi-independent Irish Parliament proved itself to be impossible years before the Union; while he evidently cannot, or will not, realize the effect of '98. But his remarks on the flighty folly of Fitzwilliam (whom some on his own side rank next to the egregious Mr. Thomas Drummond) show what he really thinks when he knows. As to Hastings, we are at issue with him entirely—though he is here in favour of Pitt. We fear that, when he talks of the "sleepless humanity of Burke," he does not know the private reasons which set Burke against Hastings; and we are sure that he does not appreciate the general facts. If he has read Mr. Forrest's setting forth, for the first time, of the actual facts about the Rohilla War, and other matters, he shows no sign of the reading. We should imagine that he said to himself, "After all, Mr. Gladstone would have treated Mr. Hastings very much in the same way." Here we are at one with Lord Rosebery. He would.

One more perstringement and we have done: Lord Rosebery

* *Twelve English Statesmen—Pitt.* By the Earl of Rosebery. London: Macmillan. 1891.

thinks that the navy was successful in the eighteenth century, the army unsuccessful, because the former was democratic, the latter aristocratic. 'Tis a graceful condescension; it happens, unfortunately, to be an unhistorical one. We never heard that General Braddock, or the unutterable person at Buenos Ayres whom Craufurd would have shot, was "born in the purple," as Lord Rosebery, imitating Fleet Street, calls it. We know that Rodney, and Hood, and Howe, and Douglas, and many others were at least gentlemen, if not something more. And when Lord Rosebery, taking up in a very different sense the Duke's description of his troops, says:—"And these were the soldiers we opposed to the regiments in which Ney and Hoche and Massena served as privates," we have a little *coda* to add:—"And these were the men who beat the regiments in which Ney and Hoche and Massena served, which Ney and Hoche and Massena commanded, into fiddle-strings and matchwood."

But most assuredly we shall not leave Lord Rosebery except with the *bucca dolere*. He has written a capital book. He tries now and then to be a Gladstonian, and fails painfully; he is almost always (we had nearly said an Englishman, but that would get him into trouble, so let us say) a Briton, and succeeds. We have seldom seen a more curious conflict between a man's genuine natural tastes and his accidental political necessities.

NOVELS.*

IF every one only recognized his own limitations, how much more good work would be done in the world, and how much nearer Paradise that world would be! If, for instance, the author of *Priests and People* had been aware that his strength lay in his pictures of the Irish peasantry of the present day, their vices and virtues, and particularly their extraordinarily mixed ways of thinking, he would have produced, on the whole, a very good book. Instead, he has done his very utmost to spoil the impression by interpolating an entire volume about Dublin fashionable society, of which the tediousness knows no bounds. Vulgar people are everywhere, no doubt; but the reader is asked to believe that in Dublin they are almost the invariable rule. There appears to be no difference between the language used by the ladies who have the right to be present at all the Castle festivities and that of their humbler sisters who share a sleeping apartment with their live stock. One does not say "sure" a bit more frequently than the other, for both say it every time they open their mouths. Here is a fragment of conversation at one of the drawing-rooms, between the wife of the Chief Justice and the wife of a judge:—

"An' d'ye mean to say ye've got an invite fur to-morrah?"
"Ah, but sure it's fur the dinner to-morrah, and they must be having the answers. The invites for the dance won't be out till to-morrah mornin'."

"Ah, sure the private entrée always cums one noight or the other." (P. 123.)

The sketch of Hugh Woodward, a chivalrous young English soldier, is hardly more happy. His highest form of praise to the girl he is in love with, and for whom he has the utmost respect, is to apostrophize her as a "devil." In vol. iii. this occurs no less than three times. "You little devil," he says on p. 273; "you always were such a plucky little devil," on p. 141; "you prevaricating little devil," on p. 127. This last charge, by the way, is true, as this young lady, a model of all the virtues, accepts a proposal (and many embraces) from Mr. Woodward (vol. ii. p. 159), and then absolutely denies on p. 218 that she is engaged to him. The descriptions of balls and tea parties are perfectly endless, and the merest padding, and the writer is given to repeat his incidents. But when he goes down into Kerry he is on firm ground again. All the difficulties of the Irish problem are summed up in the admirable conversation (vol. i. p. 89) between old Mother Mulhallen and one Lady Dora Thompson, who is sheltering from a storm in the cottage. The passage is too long to quote; but the old woman's singular views on the subject of rent and what constitutes it, and the absolute impossibility of nailing her to any single statement, is one of the best things of the sort that have ever been written. The portraits of Pat Reilly and of Molly O'Callaghan are also excellent, and so are some of the minor characters, notably the begging Mrs. Molloy. The priests are a little conventional in their treatment, and Father Carnegie's parables will mystify other people besides Pat Reilly. In fact, the book, in its mixture of strength and weakness, is one of the most curious productions of Irish literature.

Very different is the eminently "Society novel" of Mrs. Newman, *Begun in Jest*. Everybody behaves not only unconventionally, but fortunately quite impossibly! The only people who enlist the sympathies of the reader are the worried old aunt of the two eccentric heiresses, and the disapproving maid, unless, indeed, he has some pity to spare for the two employers who are the victims of the "jest." Mabel Leith, who takes it into her

head to try what the life of a governess is like, and pose as a "working woman," is not eighteen, and is (of course) radiantly beautiful. Equally, of course, all the male sex fall in love with her; she makes five conquests during her three months or so of teaching in a mysterious country place within an hour of London and close to the sea. It must be said, however, that some of them fall out of love again with nearly equal promptitude; for Mr. Aubyn shortly becomes her sister's lover, while Mr. Leicester goes the length of making a second, and this time successful, proposal to the employer, an hour after he had been rejected by the employée. The way in which Miss Leith behaved during her engagement with Mrs. Brandreth would have been, or at least *might* have been, considered forward in any young lady of her age, even had she been staying in the house on the footing of a visitor. She interrupts conversations, gives her opinion quite unasked, argues with the male guests at lunch, who are supposed to be strangers to her, and finally breaks into a *tête-à-tête* between Mrs. Brandreth and Mr. Leicester, and announces that "she must go to town at once." Her dress is as much out of place as her behaviour. Like that of other heroines, it is marked by "costly simplicity," and she wears a set of pale-pink coral ornaments at lunch—"everything *en suite*, down to the very ring" (vol. i. p. 222). This somehow reminds us of the conscientious Othello who blacked himself all through. But Mabel's completeness was envied by the other heiress present, who, singular to say, as pink coral is not very common, "was herself wearing a carved set; only not so good." The *dénouement* of the story is very sensational and highly improbable. No man living in the country close to his sister's place, and constantly visiting there, would dream of doing anything so foolish as to pass himself off on a village girl as a man who had been a guest in the house for some weeks, and therefore likely to be well known. Yet this is what is done by Mrs. Brandreth's brother, with a view to bringing discredit on one of the many young men in love with Mabel Leith. Of course it is all cleared up, after several people's feelings have been needlessly harrowed, and no less than four sets of lovers have been paired off. Mrs. Newman's style is not able to carry through such a poorly-constructed story. It is awkward, and rather parenthetical, and such sentences as the following are by no means infrequent (vol. ii. p. 81):—"Had Mabel been 'mutual,' it might have been different; but one who was foiling her every hour in the day, and teaching the children to, as she imagined, despise her, was not to be spared." Still, with all its many faults, the story has a certain brightness which will doubtless atone for much to uncritical people.

Mrs. Campbell Praed has chosen a very painful subject for her last novel, *The Romance of a Châlet*. The hero has been carried away by his feelings into making a proposal to a polyglot young lady, with an English mother, an Italian real father, and an American putative one; but, being interrupted at the critical moment, has refrained from completing his proposal, owing to doubts, which he had only for the moment put aside, as to whether a man with the inheritance of insanity has any right to marry. After two months the young people meet again at Champéry, a mountain village near the Dents Blanches, and the far from ardent lover, Sir Rupert Keningale, is fired anew, and lays his heart at the feet of Miss Van Klaf, who is not unnaturally irritated by his behaviour. However, she gives way at last, assures him that ten thousand mad grandmothers would make no difference to her sentiments, and every one feels that this is the best of all possible worlds, when Miss Van Klaf's guardian appears on the scene, and informs Sir Rupert and his mother that the young lady is not only descended from a line of mad Englishwomen, but that there were the best reasons for supposing that Miss Van Klaf is the daughter of a Roman Marchese. It is decided that it would be dangerous as well as cruel to impart these items of her history to the poor girl, and Sir Rupert contents himself with assuring her that he is in a *cul de sac*—a statement which fills her with bitterness, and leaves her to seek consolation in frivolity. On the eve of her marriage to a Roman prince she discovers suddenly that her mother is alive and in an asylum. She comes to England for the purpose of seeing her, finds her lying dead, and hears her whole history from the doctor. Her relief at feeling that she may exonerate Sir Rupert from the charge of capriciousness is so great that her other sorrows seem light in comparison, and the convent to which she retires for life is a welcome haven of rest. We are grateful to Mrs. Campbell Praed for sparing us our old friend the "*petite fiola*." At one time its appearance seemed inevitable, and who should use it with impunity if not a young woman with madness in her veins? But the writer has succeeded in not only interesting us in her story, but in gaining our sympathy for every one's conflicting perplexities, and some of the scenes, especially the one in which Miss Van Klaf carelessly flings her unknown mother's name into the midst of several people who were not so ignorant as herself, are graphic and natural. The Drysdale family add nothing to the general entertainment, and the lady who writes of the tragedy is merely a peg; but Lady Augusta Keningale and her detestable friend "Cousin Janetta" are old familiar faces to us.

The Heiress of Beechfield is a perfectly harmless and wholly unexciting little tale. "There are a thousand such elsewhere," and, luckily, more than a thousand readers who will be quite satisfied with its mild babbling. Much of it is a mere guide-book to the most hackneyed spots in Switzerland, including the St. Gotthard, and we meet with our ancient friend the sprained ankle. Miss M. E. Baldwin, or Miss F. M. Baldwin (both names

* *Priests and People*. By the Author of "Lotus." 3 vols. London: Eden, Remington, & Co. 1891.

Begun in Jest. By Mrs. Newman. 3 vols. London: John Murray. 1891.

The Romance of a Châlet. By Mrs. Campbell Praed. 3 vols. London: F. V. White. 1891.

The Heiress of Beechfield. By E. M. Baldwin. 2 vols. London: Digby, Long, & Co. 1891.

are on the cover), does not know much of life, or she would be aware that people do not crowd to balls in London at 10 P.M. in the season, neither do they say to each other "Name him not." But poetical justice is satisfied in the end by the heiress being delivered from the hands of the fascinating scoundrel, and ultimately marrying the estimable prig.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.*

WE sincerely hope that this life of Columbus does not represent what the historical scholarship of the United States is prepared to do in honour of the discoverer of the New World, now that the approaching centenary of the discovery has given occasion for another life of "The Admiral." It is in form painfully American—being printed on that glaring hot-pressed paper which is tolerable only to those people who want to look at the pictures, but do not want to read the text. As a matter of course it is inordinately heavy in proportion to its size. We have known quartos and even folios which were lighter in the hands than this octavo. Whether it is to be fairly described as American in other respects we shall leave the courteous reader to judge for himself, from such examples of its quality as we shall select for his guidance. If the reader has any acquaintance with the chaotic and misnamed *History of America* edited by Mr. Justin Winsor he will know what merits to expect in this life of Columbus. They are those of a cartographer, bibliographer, and cataloguer. These are good things in their proper place, and they are to be found here in fair quantity. Many maps and books are mentioned and quoted by the author, with due notice as to their date, authenticity, and present habitat. We will not undertake to answer for the precise accuracy of all Mr. Justin Winsor's indications, but from previous knowledge of his work, and such tests as we have applied to this volume, we can confidently recommend him as a useful guide in these more or less mechanical matters. His hot-pressed pages are copiously ornamented with process reproductions of texts, maps, and portraits, of which the large majority at least, if not all, have already appeared in the *History of America* so called. Mr. Winsor has also carefully read the many other historians of the discovery of America. He refers continually to Biddle, Harris, Stevens, Helps, and others, giving their opinions. Frequently Mr. Winsor shows a want of any definite opinion of his own, but we acknowledge that he has some appreciation of the value of evidence when nothing more is in question than a date, or the authenticity of a map.

When we have said this we have said all that we possibly can in favour of Mr. Justin Winsor's life of Columbus. In all the weightier matters of the law it is lamentably wanting. The style is spotted all over with what are not fairly to be called Americanisms—which are often phrases or words with a respectable pedigree—but brand-new Yankeeisms, which are slang. Mr. Justin Winsor talks of "pivotal incidents," and tells how "Peter Martyr not long afterwards voiced the hesitancy which was growing," and calls Pierre d'Ailly "the inheritor of conservation," by which he means that this Bishop of Cambray was not unacquainted with the speculations of classical and medieval writers as to the existence of land beyond the Western Seas. This same Pierre d'Ailly is called the "conglomerating Cardinal." Perhaps some of these gems are less Yankeeisms than slovenly efforts to be precious. Indeed, if such a thing as slovenly preciousness is not a contradiction in terms, Mr. Justin Winsor has mastered it. "A bunch of bewildering statements, in despite of all that present scholarship can do, is left to such experts as may be possessed in the future of more determinate knowledge," is a middling example of his taste for endeavouring to give an air of originality to his prose. Here is another and more pronounced example:—"Las Casas tells us that the first horseman who dismounted was thought by the natives to have parceled out a single creature into convenient parts." This is to the Corinthian style what the Corinthian style is to chaste English. But the actual high, or perhaps one should say low, water-mark of Mr. Winsor's style is the following beautiful sentence:—"It was in the autumn of 1487, at Cordoba, that Columbus fell into such an intimacy as spousehood only can sanction with a person of good condition as to birth, but poor in the world's goods." He can talk of ships entering harbour "sorrowfully but gladly," when he means that they were in distress and very glad to reach a port. Niminy-piminy of this kind would make the book disgusting if it were otherwise sound. But Mr. Winsor's spirit is much worse than his form. There is in him, whenever he has to judge matters of conduct, an abject want of criticism, a total incapacity to grasp the moral and political principles of the time of which he is writing; a grovelling want of humour, which ought to fit him to compose funny Yankee books about King Arthur, and a smug persistency in estimating men and things by the light of the most approved Sunday-school platitudes, which would make his book worthless even if it were written in the fine gentlemanly style of Irving's *Columbus*. He is animated throughout by an actual dislike of the great Genoese worthy of the immortal Mr. Goodrich (of whom—for one must be just—he speaks reasonably enough), who withered that sinful person by scornfully describing him as the "so-called Christopher Columbus." No comment of ours could

give so adequate an idea of Mr. Winsor's sense and power of criticism as his own words; so we shall quote his comment on Columbus's refusal to sail at all unless the Catholic Kings would pay for his services at his own price:—

Here, when he seemed at last to be on the verge of success, the poor man, unused to good fortune, and mistaking its token, repeated the mistake which had driven him an outcast from Portugal. His arrogant spirit led him to magnify his importance before he had proved it, and he failed in the modesty which marks a conquering spirit.

True science places no gratulations higher than those of its own conscience. Copernicus was at this moment delving into the secrets of nature, like a nobleman of the universe. So he stands for all time in lofty contrast to the plebeian nature and sordid cravings of his contemporary.

When at the very outset of the negotiations Talavera found this uplifted suitor making demands that belonged rather to proved success than to a contingent one, there was little prospect of accommodation, unless one side or the other should abandon its position. If Columbus's own words count for anything, he was conscious of being a laughing-stock while he was making claims for office and emoluments that would mortgage the power of a kingdom. A dramatic instinct has in many minds saved Columbus from the critical estimate of such presumption. Irving and the French canonizers dwell on what strikes them as constancy of purpose and loftiness of spirit. They marvel that poverty, neglect, ridicule, contumely, and disappointment had not dwarfed his spirit. This is the vulgar liking for a hero who is without heroism, and the martyr who makes a trade of it. The honest historian has another purpose. He tries to gauge pretense by wisdom. Columbus was indeed to succeed; but his success was an error in geography, and a failure in policy and in morals. The Crown was yet to succumb; but its submission was to entail miseries upon Columbus and his line, and a reproach upon Spain. The outcome to Columbus and to Spain is the direst comment of all.

It would be not a bad exercise in style and reasoning to take this passage and endeavour to show how many platitudes and repetitions it contains, and how often it begs the question. But the honest reviewer has another purpose. He "gauges pretense by wisdom," and can only record his opinion that whatever may happen to the United States they will never want for a fluent and competent person to set copy-book headings as long as they have the happiness to count Mr. Justin Winsor among their capable citizens.

A writer who sets out thus comfortably furnished with tract morality to deal with the men and things of the fifteenth and early sixteenth century, will of course light on abundance calling for his most severe reprobation. He will not find that Columbus acted up to the lofty standard of a "school-marm," but was indeed a man of passions likely to shock a well-conducted maiden lady, and subject to delusions most reprehensible to all well-regulated minds. For him there will be nothing but downright puzzlement in the wonderful combination of the Renaissance love of action with the visionary temperament; the passion for gold as a means of power, and the free use of mendacity as a weapon, with enthusiasm for noble ends; of cruelty to the non-Christian races with a sincere desire to bring them to the saving faith; of the arrogance of the servant of the Lord with the humility of the man. Mr. Winsor is puzzled, and escapes from his difficulty by simply deciding that the so-called Christopher Columbus was a rogue and a fool. He told lies, which the good young man who would rather tell the truth than be President of the United States would never do. How shocking. He knocked down Ximenes de Brivesca, who was impertinent to him. How un-Christian. He saw visions and dreamt dreams. Clearly a mere driveller, a poor creature, unfit for command, a blunderer in geography who absolutely did not know what every common school child in the United States knows—namely, that America is not Asia. He was "ambitious to be the first slave-driver of the New World." Of course there were no slaves among the natives of the New World when Columbus went there. We have perhaps done enough to show what is the tone and what the critical capacity of Mr. Winsor. He is very fond of talking about the "French canonizers," as he calls them in his slang, and their persistence in refusing to see aught that is not noble in the Admiral's conduct and character. They are foolish, indiscriminate persons. It is uncritical in them not to see that there was clay mingled with the gold of the great explorer's nature; that he was often violent, that he was once or twice mean, and that he pushed to its extreme the indifference of many of the best men of his time to the truth of civil business whenever they thought that the end justified the use of dishonest means. It is foolish in them to refuse to look at the evidence that he suffered from the obliquity of vision which afflicts many dreamers in matters of conduct, or that in his old age his ecstatic visions made him play strange tricks with matters of fact. But their mistake is not more uncritical, and is much less sour than Mr. Winsor's obstinacy in looking only at the clay, and the dross, and the owlish blindness to the real inspiration and heroism which was in the man. When he treats Columbus in this fashion it is easy to guess what he makes of the Catholic sovereigns and the personages of the story. They are all compared to the model Sunday-school teacher and found wanting—except the Admiral's enemies Bobadilla and Ovando, for whom Mr. Winsor's consideration is great. This book is a monument of laborious stupidity, the work of a mere cataloguer strayed out of his own useful little sphere. It is revolting to see great men and great transactions besmeared with platitudes, and to hear a person capable of calling the discovery of America "an error in geography" dare to apply the word "drivelling" to anything Columbus ever wrote. The word makes one turn instantly to the passage we have quoted, and the many others like it, in Mr. Justin Winsor's silly book.

* *Christopher Columbus, and how he received and imparted the Spirit of Discovery.* By Justin Winsor. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1891.

THE SMATTERER'S VADE MECUM.*

THE late M. Comte did what he could, short of obeying the well-known prescription, to found a new religion. Seeing that the old religion had a calendar, this worthy enthusiast must have a calendar too, *à son devis*. Mr. Frederic Harrison has now edited an expansion of this work. Under his direction many auxiliaries have compiled sketches of the lives of Positive saints. Revolutionary people, like Napoleon, are left out, we learn, but this is a mistake. To the ordinary mind Napoleon (not in) seems to have been a good deal more than a mere destructive, witness the *Code Napoléon*, and the re-constitution of the Théâtre Français, among other trifles. It is not so easy to define a revolutionary. Moses, who heads the Calendar, must have seemed a disgusting agitator to Meneptah (if he was the Pharaoh of the Exodus), and to Egyptian society in general. The aim of Mr. Harrison's work is "to offer a biographical manual of the general course of civilization." But the progress of civilization is to be understood as Comte understood it, beginning with Fetichism and ending with "Sociocracy," an agreeable sort of word. As "Sociocracy" will probably revert to Fetichism, if we may use that term, man's progress is of a circular nature at best, a discouraging symptom. It is vain to protest here against the word Fetichism altogether. It is purely misleading and unscientific. Nor is it scientific to call Greek society "Theocratic." The Gods were a disturbing rather than a governing influence in Greece. However, to believers in Comte all his theory of evolution may be acceptable. But the book would not pay if it were merely addressed to believers in Comte. The people who consult it will probably use it as a mere biographical handbook.

The first month is concerned with persons eminent in Theocratic civilization. You really cannot put the results of Old Testament criticism into three or four pages. For example, if a moral view of Jahveh worship began in the ninth century B.C., it is odd that the prophets regard themselves as restorers, not as innovators, of a national religion. To suggest that the Israelites had no written traditions before the ninth century is to beg the whole question. If they were long in Egypt, what prevented them from learning "the hieratic alphabet"? The Moabite stone shows, by the fineness of its execution, that a remote pastoral people early possessed a *script* which it must have taken many centuries to evolve. Revolutionaries are to be left out, yet under Theocracy we find Buddha, though "Buddhism was a revolt against Brahmanic Theocracy." Buddha is first a revolter, next he is not Theocratic, so he appears in a calendar that disdains revolutionaries as a saint of Theocracy! The bibliographical references are to guide the British inquirer. Under Moses we find Kueneen, but not Wellhausen, still less any of the more or less conservative authorities. Next to Moses comes Prometheus. There was never any such person, of course—here the new imitates the old calendar—but Prometheus was the first Revolutionary, first backed men against the "new tyrants" of Olympus. So he appears among Theocrats. In fact he is a type of "men who broke away from the Primitive Theocratic régime." Naturally the smatterer is not referred to Kuhn, nor to Mr. Max Müller, nor to any work on culture-heroes like Prometheus in other countries. Prometheus should appear, if at all, among "Sociocrats." But "all the wild MacCraws are coming." Here is Cadmus, "whose name suggests a Pelasgian or Primitive Greek rather than Phœnician origin." Cadmus, we had supposed, meant in Semitic speech "the Man from the East," the Easterling, as the Hebrew called the trans-Jordanic Arabs, Beni Kedem, "sons of the East." (Taylor's *History of the Alphabet*, ii. p. 19.) Mr. Marvin, who is responsible for Cadmus, adds that "some" (who?) connect the name with Canaan. Is Hercules really the Latinized form of Heracles? And if Heracles has a show, why not Qat, Chokanipok, Maui, Yehi, and a score of similar gentry, all as Theocratic as he who was so regardless of the Gods, "the man Heracles, conversant with great adventures"? Ulysses "does not share the delight in fighting." Faith, he was "a bonny fœchter"; of all the Achæans perhaps the most resolute in a lost battle. Under Sesostris Wilkinson comes, a rather belated authority. Maspero and Brugsch are not referred to. It was like a Frenchman to introduce Ossian from "the western coast of Scotland." Under Manco Capac we hear that the Inca Empire meant "profound peace." Eternal war was the condition of its existence. The page on this solitary successful essay in Sociocracy appears to us misleading. The society was "on the system of Egyptian castes." Does Mr. Harrison think that castes are the same thing as hereditary professions? Is it so certain that professions were hereditary in Egypt? If "no private property was recognized" under the Incas, how was the "feudal hierarchy distinguished by gradations of wealth"? As to "peace," it is plain that the Incas only secured that at home by eternal wars of conquest on the continually advancing frontier.

Homer is the first saint in ancient poetry. In Mr. Marvin's essay we read with surprise that Alcinoüs ruled in "Phocœa." Where is Phocœa? Can Mr. Marvin mean Phœacia? Mr. Evelyn Abbott is referred to under Homer as an historical authority. Mr. Abbott differs from most scholars in regarding Homer's state of society as possibly an effort of constructive imagination, or so, at least, we understand his pages on the subject. Mr.

Leaf's preface to Schuchardt, in Miss Sellers's translation, is a better representative of the more probable and general opinion. "Homer is the great representative of primitive pre-literary poetry." Homer is "literary" and he is not "primitive." "As a poet he belongs—narrative as is his poetry, and early as is his date—to an incomparably more developed spiritual and literary order than the balladists." (Matthew Arnold, *On Translating Homer: Last Words*, p. 63.) Mr. Marvin, indeed, himself later recognizes in Homer "the unity of structure and progressive interest which belong naturally to a later and literary age," but which a later age, in Greece, did not produce in the epic. Contrariwise, the Cyclic poems, though later, had none of the Homeric unity. We cannot agree with Mr. Marvin that in Homer's picture of society "the details are largely imaginary." His accuracy in details is daily proved by excavations in Egypt, Greece, and the islands. Under Pindar the biographer might conveniently have directed the inquirer to a translation, instead of to Berghk. Berghk! what a queer book this Calendar is! "The fanaticism of the Christians" robbed us of Sappho. Odd that they left us Straton! The Christians destroyed Sappho's verses because of the "bad name which the ribaldry of the comedians had attributed to her memory." Who is the authority for all this, is it Christian or pagan? Sappho is the only woman of antiquity in the Calendar. Hypatia might have been granted a niche, there is no doubt about what the fanaticism of the Christians did to Hypatia. Under Sophocles we hear of his piece, "the *Edipous King*." With an intermediate letter—*Edipous P. King*—it would sound very American. Longus naturally appears in Ancient Poetry; so do those admirable writers, Scopas and Zeuxis, Phidias, and Lucian, who actually did leave an epigram or two. No translation of Lucian is mentioned, for the inquirer's benefit, except a version of the *Vera Historia*. Lucian "is never personal in his attacks!" Of course he never exposed an impostor by name. Tibullus is a saint in heathendom, and Catullus is not. O, Mr. Frederic Harrison, in the name of the Prophet Auguste, why?

The prophet had more lucid intervals. He ranked Scott (how diverting to find Sir Walter among the saints!) "the greatest poetical genius of the century, and one of the twelve great poets since Homer." "Where is Robbie Buchanan now?" The saint, with saintly modesty, remarks of himself, "I have not been blessed with the talents of Burns or of Chatterton"; but the hagiologist does not include Chatterton. Dr. Bridges is rather funny about Burns. Jean Armour "he finally married, and but for her parents' opposition would have married earlier." He *did* marry her earlier, but neither he nor Jean seems to have been aware of the fact. It is not so easy in Scotland to know when you are married. Of all men and biographers Principal Shairp is selected as a guide to the history of Burns. Lockhart's is infinitely the best brief life, and Mr. Scott Douglas's large edition is the most ample and most rich in later information. We cannot examine the whole of this manual in detail. If Chatterton is no saint Mme. de La Fayette is among the Blessed, also Mme. de Staël. Elaborate form was not among Byron's methods we learn from Mr. Harrison. Is elaborate form a method? Or is elaborate form not among Mr. Harrison's methods? Byron in ten years wrote more verse "than the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, the *Æneid*, the *Divine Comedy*, and *Paradise Lost* all put together." It is a large order. Byron "was boiling over" with all sorts of things. Mr. Harrison thinks that Byron has been "pedantically" reproved. But, if so, he himself is among the pedants. Few critics have been more frank about Byron's recklessness. But "conceptions, not form, are the bone and sinew of all high poetry." The Muse, flayed and exhibited in mere bone and sinew, is not exactly a thing of beauty, still less a joy for ever. Mr. Harrison asks us to "weigh the mass, variety, and glow" of Byron's poetry. The mass attains a very respectable figure in stones avoirdupois, but we really cannot weigh the glow, nor even the variety. Mr. Harrison clearly disbelieves in Gautier's theory of metaphors. Perhaps he is right, and yet somehow it is odd to ask us to weigh glow. We must look at Byron with "European, not insular, eyes." Now only a nation can really estimate the merit of its own poetry. The Greeks do not value Byron for his poetic merits, but because he "cracked them up." Byron is "the poet of the Revolutionary movement." But Revolutionists are not admitted by the Prophet, so there is some mistake here. As a matter of fact, Byron detested the People. He said that he did not mind being decapitated by a king; but he objected to being throttled by a mob. In this remark he was probably sincere, for once in a way. Mr. Harrison says that the Satires and *Don Juan* will probably be set aside. Let Sociocracy read *The Siege of Corinth* if it likes, but leave us *Don Juan* and the *Vision of Judgment*. Shelley gets a sainthood as a revolutionary poet, though "revolutionists" (and Protestants) "are not, as such, included." O Humanity, how mixed is this manual! Comte put Shelley in, not merely for his poetical merit, it seems, but "for his lines on Subjective Immortality and the Prophecy of Humanity." The Calendar is not without recreative elements; but we rather prefer a Biographical Dictionary of a more commonplace kind. Mr. Harrison's own articles are full of interest and energy, but, in one or two places, seem to have been rather hastily composed.

* *The New Calendar of Great Men*. Edited by Frederic Harrison. London: Macmillans. 1891.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL AND TOURING.*

MR. CLUTTERBUCK, who, as we fancy, was the active writing partner in the *Three in Norway* and "*B.C.*" is always lively and entertaining. But, like Sir Wilfrid Lawson figuring on the Temperance platforms, he feels bound to maintain his reputation for an unfailing flow of humour. And, if we may say it without offence, even when framing one's face in a horse-collar, it is difficult to keep the audience always on the broad grin. However, *Ceylon and Borneo* is capital reading. Mr. Clutterbuck deals very charily in dry facts and dull statistics, but he excels in pleasant social sketches and in his sprightly manner of recounting his personal experiences. It was not on this visit that for the first time he inhaled "Ceylon's spicy breezes." He had been there thirteen years before as a coffee-planter, and he notes the broad contrasts between now and then, and the changes that had occurred since his earlier sojourn. The scenery in its essentials was, of course, the same, though clearing and reclamation had been going briskly forward in the upland districts, and in Ceylon every prospect is grand or pleasing. But the climate, on the whole, must be pronounced detestable, and man—or at least the coolies, with which the planter is most concerned—is exceptionally vile. The planter's life is at the best a hard one. He rises at 5.30, has personally to supervise the labour of his lazy field-hands, and, after coming back to a late dinner fagged and careworn, relaxes through the evening in industrious book-keeping. As for his fare, it is rough, simple, and monotonous. There is no mutton, the beef is coarse and tough, and the epicure's chief reliance is on vegetable curries. For drink he has to choose between bottled ale, brewed so strong in order to keep in the tropics that the drinking it is dangerous, and fair water. Of water, as we said, there is only too much; the downpour during the protracted monsoon is tremendous, the planter sees his richest soil, his hill-paths, and his wooden bridges swept away; so his communications with civilization and his irregular posts become even more precarious than usual. Yet his existence, although dull and aggravating, need not necessarily be altogether unexciting. The coolies are troublesome and often dangerous, and Mr. Clutterbuck relates more than one instance where the master only saved himself from murderous assaults by being ready with his hands or his weapons. The present agricultural condition of Ceylon is a wonderful example of British energy and resource. Our first colonists hoped to make their fortunes by coffee; the most sanguine expectations and the most promising Companies had been formed in the assurance of magnificent results. The coffee plants were destroyed by disease or insects as deadly as the European *phylloxera*. The Companies went into liquidation; many of the properties were sold for a song; but the half-ruined English settlers turned their attention to teas, and Ceylon teas are said now to be at the very top of the markets.

As for Borneo, it would appear that the British settlers have not as yet done much to make its malarious jungles blossom like the rose. On a comparatively accessible property Mr. Clutterbuck visited on the Toongood River, six acres had been reclaimed for the cultivation of tobacco from a concession of 15,000 acres of swamp and virgin forest. The rainfall is nearly 200 inches in the year; the mortality among the coolies seems to be simply frightful. One planter, of an optimistic turn of mind, congratulated himself on only losing 30 out of 220 in a single month. A neighbour, he remarked, had been less fortunate, as he had lost fifty per cent. of his hands in the same time. And the life on these plantations is as lonely and wretched as can well be imagined. To the south stretches away the impenetrable jungle, swarming with wild animals it is almost impossible to stalk or shoot; to the north is some man-forsaken harbour of call on the shores of the ocean, with which the only means of communication is by the station steam-launch. The strongest constitutions may be slowly seasoned to the swamp fever, but the weaker succumb. So we can understand Mr. Clutterbuck advising adventurers in Borneo to keep money enough by them to secure a retreat.

Mr. Fitz-Patrick, who writes the *Transatlantic Holiday*, is far more genial in his tone than the professional French humourist. He slips through the Custom-house without any trouble, by the aid of an official whose affections he has won; he merely grumbles casually at the high carriage fees, and takes one of the public coaches when he does not care to pay for privacy. He admires the admirable arrangements of the sumptuous hotels, and seldom sees cause to complain of their charges; and he finds the conductors and waiters of the trains almost invariably civil, and even kindly. He apologizes in his Preface for writing at all, as he had only visited some of the chief Eastern cities, and we confess we thought the apology by no means misplaced. But after reading his book we reconsidered that opinion, and if we dreamed of facing the troubles of the storm-tossed Atlantic, we should assuredly take Mr. Fitz-Patrick for a guide and cheery companion. His book is brightly written, and it tells us exactly what we should like to know. His descriptions give us the impression of being wonderfully truthful, whether he paints the

overpraised scenery of the Hudson, or the cataracts of Niagara; the business-bustle of money-getting New York, or the semi-rural aspect of the mansions in the fashionable suburbs of cultured Boston. And he touches lightly but shrewdly on those social questions which concern the great Republic in the first place, and a wider world in the second.

As for Mrs. Riddell's *Mad Tour*, we hardly know what to make of it. It is very transparently a piece of bookmaking, and if we may draw conclusions from internal evidence it has apparently been published after the lapse of several years. All its interest depends on the manner of telling, for in the prosaic reality it is the monotonous elaboration of "much ado about nothing." The tour, which was confined to the well-trodden tracks, might have been condensed in a dozen of pages. Mrs. Riddell, as she tells us, when in sore need of a holiday, lent a reluctant ear to the insidious seductions of a youth who had been saving his scanty money for a fortnight's outing on the Continent. He had planned a pedestrian tour in the Black Forest, and economy was to be the first consideration and pleasure the second. The indifferently assorted pair were to pledge themselves solemnly to walk wherever pedestrianism was possible. Elsewhere, they were to travel in the cheapest carriages and make themselves comfortable as might be in third-class hosteleries. As they slung their knapsacks to their backs, they scarcely carried changes of raiment. They were unfortunate in the weather, for it poured continually, and day after day they were soaked to the skin. No wonder that respectable innkeepers looked somewhat askance at them, and that their country-folks who travelled with baggage were inclined to cut them dead. Mrs. Riddell relates humorously enough how she was gradually saturated into the semblance of a *chiffonnière* who had once known better days; how Master Bobby's coat-sleeves shrunk up from the wrists to the elbows, and he could only give himself an air of respectability in the evenings by wearing an unwetted shirt-collar; and how, as personal conductor of the party, he tyrannized over his companion, who, to his indignation, was often mistaken for his mother. In his filial affection he gratuitously added to the difficulties by purchasing a Black Forest clock with the intention of presenting it to his real mother, and that clock in all their future peregrinations was a continual drag and curse. The only moment of pleasure Mrs. Riddell seems to have enjoyed was when she caught a glorious view of the snowy Austrian Alps from the Lake of Constance; the only event of thrilling interest, when their boat was nearly swamped in the green swirl of the raging Rhine beneath the falls of Schaffhausen. And when she and her young friend came home, they brought a couple of chronic rheumatisms along with them by way of *souvenirs* of their mad tour.

CRANFORD.*

WE are glad to believe that there is no diminution in the popularity of Mrs. Gaskell's most perfect story. The year in which it saw the light was one singularly rich in fiction of the most ambitious class. In the midst of the welcome accorded to *My Novel* and to *Bleak House*, *Cranford* was little noticed. It did not even attract as much attention as those other masterpieces *Hypatia* and *Villette*. But now it ranks with the best of them, and of the five seems, perhaps, the least old-fashioned. To a reprint of this exquisite study of country manners a preface has been added by Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie, who is, we think, the only living writer in whose hands we would willingly place the task of touching this delicate structure. What she has to say about Mrs. Gaskell and that dreamy Knutsford which inspired the book is so prettily said that there is no chasm between the last page of the introduction and the first of *Cranford* itself. But the main value of this edition consists in the illustrations.

Mr. Hugh Thomson is steadily increasing in merit. To that picturesqueness and sympathy which he has always possessed he is now adding technical knowledge, and more especially experience of the figure. At one time we doubted whether closer study might not destroy his happy gift of improvisation. We are reassured at length, and we can only urge upon him closer and closer attention to the living model. His *Cranford* is the most accomplished and perhaps the most charming work he has done. He has entered with subdued humour and delicate fancy into the conception of the work, its ring of impoverished fine ladies, with their limited intelligence, their fugitive perturbations, their infinite sweetness of heart. He has read the book so carefully that only those who know their *Cranford* as well as he does will quite appreciate how much care he has put into it. We see this in some of the delightful head and tail-pieces, as, for instance, that in which the shade of Dr. Johnson comes between Captain Brown and Miss Jenkyns, or where the Aga rises from the sedan-chair to acknowledge the plaudits of the assembled gentlewomen. This it is to illustrate not merely the text, but the very spirit, of the author.

The type which Mr. Thomson has most triumphed in is, we think, Miss Pole. When that lady puts on her profusion of brooches (p. 135), or cross-examines Mrs. Forrester's maid about the ghost (p. 183), or, above all, visits her physician to have her

* *About Ceylon and Borneo*. By Walter J. Clutterbuck, Author of "*The Skipper in Arctic Seas*" &c. London: Longmans. 1891.

* *Transatlantic Holiday*. By T. Fitz-Patrick. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1891.

* *Mad Tour*. By Charlotte Elizabeth L. Riddell, Author of "*George Geith*" &c. London: Bentley & Son. 1891.

* *Cranford*. By Mrs. Gaskell. With a Preface by Anne Thackeray Ritchie, and Illustrations by Hugh Thomson. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

teeth examined (p. 175), she never fails to be that impetuous, that scenic, that self-deceiving Miss Pole whom we have loved so long, and now for the first time behold. If the artist has not been quite so continuously successful in securing the aspect of Miss Matty, it is that he has attempted too much. He has not been consistent enough to his own vision. The Miss Matty of the two caps (p. 111) could not be bettered; but she grows too youthful when Martha's baby is born (p. 275), after having been too grotesque and ugly when she "implored the chairmen" (p. 178). But these are mere motes in the sunbeam. The dear ladies of Cranford have found their true portrait-painter at last.

Mr. Thomson's men, especially when they are not caricatures, still leave something to be desired. He has never mastered the articulations of the body. Jem, on p. 253, is a very odd figure of a young man, and there is something wrong about Mr. Hoggins looking radiant in church (p. 216). The amiable shopman leaping the counter, on p. 225, is amusingly conceived, and not at all vulgarly; but he might be better drawn. The boys who stole the apples (p. 195) are splendid little rogues, and will grow up into finer figures of men than Mr. Thomson has yet learned how to design. But what does it matter when his elderly ladies are so perfectly charming?

THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.—VOL. III. 1647-1649.*

IN this volume Dr. Gardiner completes his *History of the Great Civil War*, bringing down his *History of England from the Accession of James I.* to the execution of Charles. Happily we have good reason to believe that he will not yet rest from his labours. We could ill spare the pleasure and profit that we hope to derive from future volumes from him on the Protectorate, the Restored Monarchy, and the Revolution. At this stage of his work, however, it is fitting that those who value what he has already done should offer him their congratulations on the successful fulfilment of a task begun some years ago, and pursued with unvarying diligence and care. For our part, we do so heartily. We have spoken before now of Dr. Gardiner's main characteristics as an historian; of his accuracy and erudition; of the extent of his researches into original authorities, English and foreign, printed and in manuscript; of his honesty and the pains which he takes to prevent himself from being led astray by his sympathies; and we must not yield to the temptation of enlarging on these matters on the present occasion. In addition to these characteristics, which are conspicuous in all his volumes, the volume before us displays, in a far greater degree, we think, than any of its predecessors, a knowledge of human nature not always to be found in the work of a student of books. Dr. Gardiner writes history minutely, and has sometimes seemed to us to be too minute in recording matters of small importance. While, however, he here gives some six hundred pages to the events of about two years, from January 1, 1647, to January 29, 1649, he has avoided this snare. No two years in our history are so full of critical changes as these, and we cannot say that he has written a page too many about them. Here, indeed, as elsewhere, there is a lack of that vivacity in expression which excites popular interest; his sentences, while free from faults, and not devoid of variety in form, are seldom striking. Yet the solid excellence of his work far outweighs any such deficiency, and we are confident that it will live to be rated by scholars of future generations as highly as we rate it, and that, follow him who may, he will hold no lower place than in the front rank of English historians.

In this volume Dr. Gardiner relates the triumph of the sword over the Constitution, exhibited in the revolt of the army, the humiliation of Parliament, and the execution of the King. He begins by showing how the distressed state of the country caused a universal desire for the restoration of peaceful order, illustrating his point by a pleasant account of the troubles of Sir Ralph Verney and his sisters. The Presbyterians in Parliament, eager to relieve the country by disbanding the Independent army, entered on the business with a light heart; for did not Cromwell declare that the army would disband at the command of Parliament? On every step in Cromwell's career during this period Dr. Gardiner says much that is interesting. Substantially he sees the man as Carlyle saw him, and his minute labours have added little to the picture which we owe to Carlyle's amazing power of comprehending and delineating a character after his own heart. Here, however, we have at each crisis in Cromwell's career an examination of his actions and motives founded on far more exhaustive research than was prosecuted by Carlyle. During three years Cromwell not infrequently spoke and acted in one way at one time, and in another shortly afterwards. By men of his own day his changes were accounted for by the assertion that he was a hypocrite. Dr. Gardiner points out that they were the natural result of his mental disposition. His mind was "not cast in a rigid mould," nor was he fettered by a reverence for political formulas. Neither anxious for change nor obstinate in resistance to it, he did not hasten opportunity or neglect it when it came. He met circumstances as they arose, changing his front according to their demands, not indeed easily, or even in his own mind facing the fact that he

was doing so; for, until he was roused by opposition, he was wont to cover his changes by referring to the necessity laid upon him by Providence. The key to his changes of front is contained in what he says of himself and Vane: "I pray that he make not too little nor I too much of outward dispensations." In this readiness to be guided by circumstances lay the secret of his strength in an age when men were slaves to their own dogmas, religious and political; but at the same time it injured his reputation, for though he was not a hypocrite, it made it "the most natural thing in the world that other men should think him to be one."

The course of the army's revolt is described here, chiefly from the *Clarke Papers*, now being printed by the Camden Society—the first volume was reviewed in these columns not long ago. It is evident that for some time Cromwell strongly maintained that it was the duty of the army to submit to Parliament; that, though his sympathies were excited on behalf of the soldiers when he found that their just demands were disregarded, he still upheld the authority of Parliament; and that it was not until his mediation was rejected, and he learnt that the Presbyterians were plotting a Scottish invasion, that he began to use the army as a means of establishing a basis of order. Having defeated the schemes of the Presbyterians by securing the person of the King—for, though Joyce exceeded his orders, he so far acted under Cromwell's instructions—he set himself to find the basis he sought for in the kingly authority. The letter of June 10 from the officers to the City, threatening that the army would interfere in the affairs of the State, the soldiers standing on their rights as citizens, was no doubt worded by him, and its contents afford a curious illustration of the way in which, when he had changed his mind, he tried "to persuade himself and others that he had not changed it at all." The army brought Parliament to a submission which was declared by the flight of the "eleven members," and, the Presbyterian majority in the Commons still proving troublesome, was further enforced by a regiment of cavalry drawn up by Cromwell's orders in Hyde Park. If, however, the army was to be used for the purpose of a "settlement," it was before all things needful to maintain discipline. For a while Cromwell listened to and discussed the projects of the Levellers, hoping that a basis of settlement might be worked out by the military politicians; but, finding that these debates led to divisions and insubordination, he turned sharply on the Levellers, and by his personal action crushed the rising spirit of mutiny at the rendezvous on Cockbush Field. Meanwhile his persistent efforts to bring about a settlement by coming to terms with the King ended in failure, and Charles by the time of his flight to the Isle of Wight seems to have given up all idea of gaining anything by negotiating with him and Ireton, and to have entertained some hope of profiting by the divisions in the army. The restoration of discipline crushed this hope, and Charles sent offers to Parliament which were taken into consideration by the officers. During the progress of the negotiations Cromwell was convinced that the King was playing a double game and could "never with advantage to the nation be readmitted to any real share in the government." The King's alliance with the Scots brought about a reconciliation between parties; Cromwell came to terms with the less violent Levellers, and he and the other chief officers professed agreement with the Presbyterians in Parliament; for, as the Scots who were threatening invasion would declare that they came to deliver England from the tyranny of the sword, Cromwell determined that the impending conflict should be fought in the name of the existing Parliament. His enemies said that, as he had turned from Parliament to King, so he was again changing sides from King to Parliament. That the King could not be depended upon was evident. At the same time conscientious and untrustworthy, Charles would never be false to his convictions and never true, to the spirit at least, of any engagement that would hinder him from acting in accordance with them. By the end of 1647 Cromwell knew enough to justify his decision—we are not, of course, expressing an opinion as to the lawfulness or justice of the cause which he was upholding—that all hope of a settlement founded on an understanding with the King must be abandoned.

During the early months of 1648 there was a strong Royalist reaction in the country arising from, among other causes, the angry feelings excited by the corrupt practices of the members of Parliament, which are well illustrated here by the story of Lady Verney's brave struggle to free her husband's estate from sequestration, and from widespread dislike of the religious and political doctrines of the Independents, whose democratic principles led Cavaliers and Presbyterians to unite together against them. Meanwhile the Independent cause was threatened in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. The dangerous aspect of affairs was held by Cromwell and the other chief officers to be a call to a searching of hearts. While they were engaged in a three-days' prayer meeting at Windsor they heard that South Wales had risen for the King; the long-expected crisis had come, the Civil War had broken out afresh. They ended their prayer meeting with the adoption of the fierce resolution that when peace was re-established "the man of blood" should be called "to account for the blood he had shed." Dr. Gardiner points out the reasons of the Royalists' failure in the Second Civil War, and describes its events with his usual carefulness, and in some passages with more spirit than is usual with him. The victors were bitterly exasperated. Numbers of Scottish and English prisoners were shipped off

* *History of the Great Civil War—1642-1649.* By Samuel R. Gardiner, M.A., Hon. LL.D. Edinburgh, Ph.D. Göttingen, Fellow of All Souls', Honorary Student of Christ Church, Fellow of King's College, London, &c. Vol. III. 1647-1649. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1891.

either to servile labour in Barbadoes or to fill the ranks of the Venetian army. Those who, not unjustly, cry shame on the officers and courtiers of James II. for the deportation of prisoners taken in Monmouth's rebellion, will do well to remember how, less than forty years before, the "Godly" dealt with men who fought for their King. We are glad to find that Dr. Gardiner sweeps away the grounds on which excuses have been founded for the vindictive and barbarous execution of Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, justly observing that, though the arguments advanced on the other side "may serve to explain the motives of Fairfax and the Council of War, they do not justify their deed." After the war had ended futile negotiations were carried on between the King and the Parliament. The army grew impatient, and demanded "justice without respect of persons." While Ireton was preparing the *Remonstrance of the Army*, he came to an agreement with the Levellers, and Dr. Gardiner, in a remarkably lucid chapter on the *Remonstrance*, points out how the manifesto bears witness to a compromise "between the author of the *Heads of the Proposals* and the authors of the *Agreement of the People*." The progress of the change in Cromwell's mind with respect to the trial of the King and the authority of the army is admirably exhibited. Parliament continued unwilling to carry out the will of the army, and "Pride's Purge," which met with the approval, and had doubtless been effected with the cognizance, of Cromwell, reduced it to utter insignificance. Henceforward the sword was undisputed master in England. After some efforts to save the King's life, Cromwell changed his mind on that point also, his hesitation being finally removed by the refusal of Charles to receive Lord Denbigh, who was apparently sent to him with some overtures. Dr. Gardiner gives a deeply interesting account of the King's trial, and relates his execution in words that are not wanting in dignity or pathos. This volume contains some excellent maps and plans, among them being a reduction of the map of the siege of Colchester from the *Diary* of the siege, and plans of Westminster Hall and Charing Cross from maps in the Crace collection. It also presents us with a full index to all the three volumes of the *History of the Great Civil War*.

NEW YORK TENEMENTS.*

IT is in New York as it has been in London with respect to the public stir concerning overcrowding. Not until remedial measures were in full progress did the general awakening occur, and the public outcry waxed stronger and stronger with every successive stage of reform that lessened the evil. What the slum-mongers called "Horrible London" was fast disappearing into thin air when the gruesome flood of "revelations" was at its thickest. So, with regard to New York, Mr. Jacob Riis is able to report of a lowered death-rate in the tenement districts and the labours of an aroused Health Department. Here, however, the parallel, which, we admit, is imperfect, must be stayed. We know of no single book, in the enormous official and independent literature on the subject of overcrowding in English cities, that is at all comparable with the vivid and thorough chronicle of Mr. Riis. The "other half" of which this interesting book treats is entirely an alien population. Mr. Riis discovered no trace of an American community buried amidst the hordes of immigrants that form the Italian, French, German, Spanish, Czech, Russian, Scandinavian, Jewish, Chinese, and "coloured" colonies of New York. The causes and extent of overcrowding differ absolutely from what have characterized overcrowding in London. In New York the material of the author's studies is highly concentrated. In London the overcrowded districts are many, not one, and scattered over a large area. In old, unreformed London the density of population never exceeded 175,000 per square mile. In New York it has reached 330,000 per square mile. Not long since we heard an Englishman gravely inform an American just arrived in London, a complete stranger to the metropolis, that the London slums were beyond all other slums and beggared description. The American, who knew the New York tenements, was incredulous. The Englishman spoke of Cherry Street in terms almost identical with the language used by certain well-meaning persons in New York to Mr. Riis on one occasion. He had studied the outside of the platter, as other visitors do. The optimists, of whom Mr. Riis speaks, were convinced that the New York tenements were not so bad as the hovels they had seen or read of in the slums of the Old World. "Why, some of them have brown-stone fronts!" they exclaimed. Mr. Riis admits the brown-stone fronts, and something more. "The worst tenements," he says, "do not as a rule look bad. Neither Hell's Kitchen nor Murderer's Row bears its true character stamped on the front." They are not quite old enough to have acquired the "slum look"—a fact that Mr. Riis deeply regrets as likely to postpone further the action of the sanitary authorities. But the fair-seeming of these stone-fronted tenements conceals, as Mr. Riis proves, a most revolting rottenness. The brown-stone tenement-house masks not only its own interior squalor and darkness, but a worse structure beyond, known as a rear-tenement. In the history of

the New York tenement, from its cradle in the ancient quarter of Knickerbocker aristocracy to what Mr. Riis hopes is the last stage before its grave, there is nothing more curious and instructive than the origin of the first tenement-house. After the close of the war in 1812, an enormous immigration of foreigners, more or less destitute, set into New York, and has continued with fluctuations ever since. Compared with London, the available space for housing the poor was very restricted, while the inrush of foreigners was more prodigious than any city had ever yet undergone. The decorous homes of the old Knickerbockers became the "tenant-houses" of a promiscuous crowd. The transformation was rapid and thorough. Large rooms were partitioned off into many small rooms, dark and without ventilation. Behind the house, "where the stolid Dutch burgher grew his tulips," there arose storey by storey, until it topped the old house, the rear-tenement, "infamous in our history," says Mr. Riis. Where two families lived at the first, ten families moved in. And so, from bad to worse, as the chronicle of Mr. Riis only too eloquently shows, the plague of overcrowding spread, and the first "Tenement-House Act" was passed in 1867. Still, the evil grew. Tenements were found to be, and still are, "good property."

The evils of the worst period of the bad old days are yet rampant in New York. Mr. Riis cites many cases. For example, a fire destroyed a rear-house in Mott Street, apparently one of the old tenements from whose rentals owners were made rich. Ten families were rendered homeless. For their little "cubby-holes" they paid 600 dollars annual rent, though the owner confessed to Mr. Riis that the place was fully insured for 800 dollars. A house in Crosby Street contained a population of 101 adults and 91 children. In Mulberry Street, where is the famous "Bend," a midnight inspection revealed 150 "lodgers" sleeping on filthy floors in two buildings. Of 609 tenements in this district, the home of the tramp and the rag-picker, only 24 were returned as "decent" at a recent census. Here, in 1888, the death-rate was a trifle over 38 in 1,000, while in Gotham Court, during one cholera epidemic it rose to 195. In hot summers the "scandalous scarcity of water" is a worse enemy to health than the dirt and darkness and bad air. The reader who accompanies Mr. Riis in his investigations scarcely needs the illustrative woodcuts of his text, excellent though they are. He is an admirable guide, and finds something of interest to indicate or to narrate at every turn of his course through the "down town back-alleys." Here is a five-storey house that obtains all its light and air from a narrow slit between brick walls; on the other side the building is perfectly blank. In front you see low old-looking houses. In their rear there are towering tenements, each with its horrible reek of dirt and disease. "Over yonder," observes Mr. Riis, the notorious Tweed worked at brush-making and "earned an honest living before he took to politics." In the Jewish quarter he visits the "sweaters"; in 54th Street the Bohemian cigarette-makers in their tenement-houses; in China Town the opium dens and "joints." The lodging houses of Chatham Street and the Bowery suggest some curious experiences. In three years, according to Inspector Byrnes, some 400 young thieves were arrested for robberies originating in these lodging-houses. The two-cent restaurants and "stale beer dives," where beer dregs are doctored, to be dispensed to the thirsty occupiers of tenements at a handsome profit to the retailers, are among the strangest and most repulsive features of New York tenement life. The description Mr. Riis gives (p. 72) of one of these "dives," and of a midnight raid by the police, is of the kind that afflicts all the senses at once, so powerfully are the filthy hole and the drinkers presented. We are reminded of the alarm felt by the author when he accidentally set fire to a tiny room in a tenement-house. He extinguished the flames, but told a policeman he feared they might yet break out in the ramshackle place. That policeman reassured him by the cheerful conviction that the house was too dirty to burn. The scope of these studies among the New York poor is so wide and comprehensive that it is impossible to indicate more than the main lines of investigation pursued by Mr. Riis. Enough has been said to make it clear that his book is extremely interesting. Nor is it less certain that it is a valuable contribution to a question of the highest importance. To Londoners it supplies one lesson, at least, which, until recent years, was happily not needed. Apart from other misfeatures, the great height of New York tenements is in itself a source of ill-health. In the moister climate of London a system of lofty building would be yet more mischievous. Fortunately the purifying influences of wind and sun and rain have had free access to London streets. Let a stop be put to the barrack-building fiend before the mischief, already beginning, gets beyond control.

NEW MUSIC.

WE have received from Mr. Charles Woolhouse some music of exceptional merit. Mr. Alexis Beaumont's new music for the violin, violoncello, and pianoforte is very good. Sometimes, it is true, his melodies are rather ineffective; but "Gondoliera," a quartet for two violins, violoncello, and pianoforte, is an admirable work. A "Marcia Funebre" (quintet for violins, viola, violoncello, and pianoforte) is, perhaps, rather ambitious; but it contains many noble passages which approach grandeur, if they do not quite realize the majesty we expect in composi-

* *How the Other Half Lives*. By Jacob A. Riis. With illustrations chiefly taken from photographs by the Author. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1891.

tions of this character. Mr. Beaumont's beautiful "Gage d'Amour" has been lately popularized by that precocious young artist, Master Jean Gérardy, who also plays very frequently at his concerts a delightful "Rêverie" by the same composer. "Album Leaf" for violin and piano, by Mr. Moria Walsh, is effective, but not too difficult for aspiring amateurs. Mr. Walter Alcock is a new composer, whose works, if we do not mistake, now appear for the first time in print. This being the case, we have perused his music with considerable interest. It is certainly of superior quality, melodious and very well harmonized. "There's a bower of roses" is a particularly graceful setting of Moore's well-known words, and "The Song of the Egyptian Girl," words by Lew Wallace, is even better. The melody is sufficiently Oriental in tone for the purpose, and we are glad to note that the usual banjo accompaniment which many composers seem to think indispensable to songs of this description has been skilfully avoided. By the same young composer we have two graceful pianoforte pieces, "The Brook" and "An Elegy," both of which display the excellent qualities already praised. Mr. Alcock ought to make his mark, and he will do so if he trusts to his own inspiration and avoids the "fads" of the hour, which are particularly dangerous in certain musical circles—in which we lately heard Beethoven described as "vulgar" and "old-fashioned." Melody and tune are as necessary to good music as sunlight to flowers. "Music when soft voices die" is the title of a well-conceived setting by Mr. W. Noel Johnson of Shelley's pathetic words. Still better, however, is his music to Byron's "There be none of Beauty's daughters." Mr. R. K. Armitage's "Impromptu brilliant" for pianoforte is showy and not difficult. To be commended is "In the Merry, Merry May," a two-part song for female voices, by Miss F. Clarisse Mallard, which should be popular at country concerts. Mr. Martin Püddemann's "Siegfried's Sword" is a striking song, which Mr. Albert B. Bach has sung with much success in Berlin. The English words, which are by this well-known singer, are particularly good. Finally, we have from this same firm (Woolhouse) a charming romance for violin and piano by Leo Schrattenholz.

Messrs. Ricordi & Co. send us four songs by Signor F. Paolo Tosti, "Remembered Still," "Carmen" (very pretty), "Si tu le voulais," and "Les Filles de Cadix," which is already deservedly popular at concerts. This charming setting of Musset's words is one of Signor Tosti's happiest inspirations. The music is original, but characteristically Spanish. Signor Vittorio Carpi's "O Love Marie!" is also well known. It is one of Mr. Ben Davies's favourite songs and deserves its popularity. Signor L. Denza has not written anything for a long time so satisfactory as "My Paradise." "Hush-a-bye" is a lullaby by the same composer, but the refrain is very commonplace. "The Violet" is a sentimental ballad by Isidoro Pavia. The words have been already set to music by Mendelssohn. "Our King" is an ambitious sacred song by Signor Augusto Rotelli. "Evening Rest," by the same composer, is another religious song, which is not without a certain dignity, although the air is solemn to dullness. A good song by Mr. Herbert Bedford, "Three Shadows," two violin pieces, "Madrigal and Romanza," by Signor A. Simonetti, and a showy piece for the piano entitled "Zingaresca," are among the latest of Messrs. Ricordi & Co.'s more noteworthy publications. Those who understand Italian will find *La Gazzetta Musicale*, which appears every Sunday in Milan, and is published by the firm of Ricordi, a particularly well edited and useful work.

Messrs. Wilkins & Co., of New Bond Street, send, among other new songs, "At thy Shrine," by Mr. McConnell Wood, a fairly effective and dramatic ballad for mezzo-soprano. "Golden Sunshine," by Theo Bonheur, is likely to be a favourite with people who have a weakness for waltz refrains, of which we profess to be very tired. "The Two Angels," by Phoebe Otway, is a semi-sacred song. "Be strong, O Heart!" is a judicious setting by Mr. E. A. Chamberlayne of Adelaide Procter's fine words. The final cadenza mars by its lack of effectiveness what would otherwise be a striking song. Messrs. Wilkins's pianoforte literature is not particularly interesting. It consists of a number of rather showy but feeble waltzes and polkas, which, however, will be found useful for teaching purposes.

Mr. McConnell Wood's "The Abbey Portal" is a good sacred song (Paterson & Sons). There is not much to be said for "The Closing of the Day," a rather dreary ballad by Miss Annie E. Armstrong. An arrangement of Scottish songs without words for the piano by Eugène Woycke serves its purpose fairly well. We object to operatic arias and famous national tunes being, as Meyerbeer once observed, "deranged" for the pianoforte; but this is not the way of thinking of many amateurs who enjoy tracing a single melody through a maze of scales and octaves, arpeggios and chords. "The Queen of Scots Dance," an ancient dance by Mr. J. Warwick Moore, is a quaint, but not particularly original, imitation of a sixteenth-century Pavane. Mr. Arthur Hervey's "The Old Mill" should be popular. The melody is original, and the words are above the average.

A new song, "Hampton Court," by A. H. Behrand, "One Life and one Love," by J. M. Capel, "A Soldier's Song," by Angelo Marcheroni, "So runs the World," by W. F. Annis, are fairly good songs, issued by Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co. From this firm we have also received several new albums of "The Burlington Music Books," capital collections of popular songs and pieces, well printed and exceedingly cheap. The "London Album" is devoted to dance music, and this month's number contains some lively polkas, waltzes, and quadrilles.

Mr. Arthur Thomas's "I met a Maiden" is a very pretty song indeed, but still better of its kind is an "Indian Serenade" with violin accompaniment. "Life," by the same popular composer, is also an excellent song. These capital songs are published by Messrs. S. White & Co., of Booksellers' Row.

We may safely recommend to lovers of Scottish ballads Messrs. Morrison Brothers of Glasgow's excellent edition of "The Auld Scotch Songs," arranged and harmonized by Mr. Sinclair Dunn, an admirable interpreter of his native airs. He has done his work in a scholarly manner, and the exquisite melodies gain not a little by his well-harmonized accompaniments, which are superior to those we have hitherto been contented with.

WILLIAM HOGARTH.*

IT has been for a long time very difficult to say anything new about Hogarth; it will be still more difficult now. Mr. Dobson's *Hogarth* in the "Great Artists" series was, as far as its limits allowed, an exhaustive *précis* of the existing Hogarth literature, and a survey, far from superficial, of his whole work. The present book is an expansion of the earlier book, with such revisions and additions as are necessary in the light of a few revelations on minor points which have declared themselves during the last few years, and such an expansion of the previous volume as would tend to further illustrate the theme, without adding to its bulk by matter not strictly relevant or of the nature of "padding." Although the new information is not of the first importance except to those peculiarly interested in all that relates to our great pictorial satirist, it clears up more than one doubtful point which has puzzled former biographers. Some of these, although they have written very entertaining books, like Mr. George Augustus Sala, have not had that patience and intelligence in research which mark Mr. Dobson's work of this character. As he has shown in his *Fielding* and his *Walpole*, not to mention other instances, his ear for verse is scarcely finer than his "nose" for investigation. It is due to his sagacity in this respect that we learn at last the true date of the appearance of the first of Hogarth's famous series of prints, "The Harlot's Progress," which has been a stumbling-block to all previous commentators, from Nichols to Mr. Dobson himself. Even the investigations of Mr. F. G. Stephens, in his learned *Catalogue of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum*, served rather to confirm error and confuse evidence than to clear up the difficulties of the problem. The problem is in effect this: Nichols dates the prints of "The Harlot's Progress" 1733-4, or subsequent to the appearance of several imitations of them, including the piracies in green ink (now traced to Elisha Kirkall), which were issued in November 1732. Moreover the next series, "The Rake's Progress," was published in 1735, leaving less than the probable interval between the appearances of two such serious undertakings. Yet no one seems to have thought of doubting Nichols, or even of testing his assertion that Kirkall's plates were published before the originals. On the contrary, the fiction has been bolstered up by ingenious argument, until the discovery of an advertisement in the *Country Journal* for Jan. 29, 1731-2, put Mr. Dobson on the scent which enabled him to run it to earth. Seeing that Nichols did not publish his *Anecdotes* till nearly half a century after the publication of the prints, it seems a little astonishing that his authority in this matter should have been accepted in spite of the improbability of his story. It is now proved by "chapter and verse," in the form of contemporary advertisement, that the prints were to be ready for delivery on April 10, 1732, and were actually published before April 21. Another correction of previous biographies gives the true place of Hogarth's birth, which was discovered by the late Colonel Chester in the Register of Births at Great St. Bartholomew's, West Smithfield. He was born in Bartholomew Close, and not in Ship Court, as had before been supposed.

Mr. Dobson must forgive us if we do not pursue further the result of his later investigations into the life of Hogarth. This slender thread of biography is so intertwined with the description of his prints, that the labour involved in an exhaustive search for emendations of and additions to the narrative would be considerable. With all due respect to the modesty of an author who writes a preface "by way of precaution, not puff" (and such modesty is rare enough), we think that he might have helped us a little more, especially as the work which it revises is his own. It is, however, quite obvious from the notes that, whatever additions may be due to his own private research, he has not allowed much, if anything, to escape him which has been published in other quarters. For instance, on p. 95 we find the admirable epigram on William Kent by Lord Chesterfield recently discovered and published in the *Twelfth Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission* (1891). There is also news of Kent in another note, and this piece of information has not been published before. It would seem from one of Vertue's memoranda in the British Museum that Kent was able to pay off his scores against Hogarth by using his influence at Court to prevent his caricaturist from executing certain commissions. Mr. Dobson, by-the-bye, seems to take his view of this extraordinary personage too exclusively from Hogarth's side. Though he was

* *William Hogarth*. By Austin Dobson. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. (Limited). 1891.

a shocking bad painter, he was not without much merit as an architect and decorator.

With regard to a biography which has been, practically speaking, before the public for many years, and has found sufficient favour to justify republication in a larger form, there is no need to say much. It is the same biography, only better. Such alterations as are perceptible in the style are also in a right direction. The writer of the choicely-worded preface says much the same as he did before, but he says it more pointedly, and with more grace. The descriptions of the prints are singularly clear, doing as far as possible the office of the prints themselves, and, at all events, always supplying commentaries so learned and accurate that it may be fairly said that if they need the prints, the prints also need them for their thorough understanding and enjoyment. There are, indeed, certain suggestions in the prints themselves (or some of them) which will not bear translation into plain words—at least, in a book that should lie upon the table—and Mr Dobson has shown much good taste as well as ingenuity in the way he has contrived to veil them without ignoring them or glossing them with insincerity. The way in which he deals with his predecessors in criticism and biography is equally sensible. He is content to correct their errors without exposing them to ridicule; to accept their criticism when inimitable, like that of Charles Lamb, without attempt at rivalry; to express dissent when necessary, without contempt; indeed, he stigmatizes no one unless, like Stevens, he thoroughly deserves it. The main fault of the book, perhaps, is a certain timidity in the expression of his own opinion, but this is far less observable in this than the earlier work, and he winds up the memoir with an admirable summary of Hogarth as a man and an artist.

Nearly half the book is entirely new, and is composed of the most complete and accurate bibliography of Hogarth yet published, with catalogues of his prints and pictures which deserve the same praise. Incidentally we gather from the first of these that Mr. Dobson's contributions to Hogarthian literature commenced as far back as 1872, when he contributed a number (not disclosed) of the descriptions to the photographic reproduction of Hogarth's prints published by Bell & Daldy. For twenty years at least, and probably for some more, he has been a student of his present subject, which he may be said, at least for this generation, to have made his own. Among the items we notice two pamphlets relating to "The Harlot's Progress" which are unknown to us, both of which appeared in 1732, and prove that the prints were published before May in that year. The bibliography is not confined to books, but contains notices of contributions to English and foreign periodicals. It includes even Francis Wey's *Londres, il y a cent ans*, and a privately printed work on *English Graphic Satire* by Robert William Buss, the designer of a few plates to the first edition of *Pickwick*, and it winds up with Mr. C. J. Hamilton's article on "Chiswick Past and Present," which appeared in the *English Illustrated Magazine* for September last. No one can say that the bibliography is not "up to date," and it is moreover made more valuable by the concise notes of the author.

Still more valuable is the list of prints, a list which could only have been compiled by one who was a collector and a connoisseur. His notes on the various states are accurate as far as they go, and it is one of their merits that they do not go too far. He is careful to note the salient differences which are sufficient to enable any one to distinguish them with ease and certainty, without going into those minutiae which are the pedantry of this kind of knowledge. He has done well to choose as the sole illustration to this section one of the two scenes from the "Four Stages of Cruelty," which was cut on wood by J. Bell. It is extremely vigorous, and shows how well this style of engraving was suited to express the stronger features of Hogarth's art. The list of pictures does not pretend to be so complete and trustworthy. There are, no doubt, many works by Hogarth not included in it, and probably several are included which were not painted by him at all. But this is inevitable in the present state of our knowledge. Indeed, it is doubtful whether it will ever be worth any one's while to take very much trouble to make a complete and accurate list of Hogarth's paintings. It may be safely said that we know all that are really worth knowing. A little more knowledge, however, about the present possessors of some of his genuine works would be acceptable. Mr. Dobson's dates of last possessors are often fifty, and sometimes nearly a hundred, years in arrears.

The manner in which the book has been produced is worthy of all praise. The size is not too large for convenient handling, and the type is fine and clear. As to the illustrations, that they are well chosen goes without saying, that they are well executed is a little more remarkable. Whatever "process" has been employed the success is complete. They are taken from fine impressions of the plates, and the facsimiles are clear, clean, and without broken lines. The exact preservation of the original lines is more important in the case of Hogarth's own engraving than perhaps any other. His very life is in his line. If we admit with Mr. Dobson that his engraving, as engraving, is deficient in beauty and elegance of execution, such vigorous and accurate drawing with the burin has been seldom seen; and his expression depends upon such subtle strokes that any deviation is fatal. These facsimiles for all practical purposes are as good as the originals, with the somewhat important exception of size, of course, but even this does not greatly matter in such bold and open work as the portrait of Lord Lovat or the "Laughing

Audience." For the larger and more elaborate prints, some of which (like the "Marriage A-la-Mode" series) have been taken direct from the pictures with singular success, the plates in the book are useful to give a general idea of the composition and to correct the memory, but will not supply the place of the originals, a portfolio of which should be at the side of the reader, if possible, whenever he wishes to enjoy Mr. Dobson's book thoroughly.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

v.

THE mark of the translator is upon *The Secret of the Magician*, by A. Laurie (Sampson Low & Co.), a book written for boys, and for the French boy before all others. Such phrases as "the quite Parisian" and the wearing of the hair "in Kharkoul" (61) are of the kind that betrayeth the faithful renderer from foreign tongues. Mr. Laurie's moth-minded and chivalrous French archaeologists are eminently fitted to fire the pride and patriotism of the French boy, whether it is the quite Parisian or the altogether provincial. M. and Mlle. Kerdic are bent upon excavating among the buried cities of Persia. In their perilous work of restoring the ruins of Ecbatana to the light of day they are led by the undesigned help of a venerable magician to solve the mystery of that famous city. The virtues of these French archaeologists appear truly overwhelming by reason of the contrast suggested by a treacherous German *savant* who plots to mar their labours. The brutal Teuton, of course, is utterly crushed in the end, and French valour triumphs as it deserves. This is an ingenious and amusing story, full of wondrous subterranean adventures and thrilling situations. M. Jules Verne's *César Cascabel* (Sampson Low & Co.) is another book for the French boy of the period, though very different in spirit from Mr. Laurie's story. In the place of the German *savant*, who is humorously sketched, by the way, we have nothing better in M. Jules Verne's book than a good deal of childish abuse of England and the English, with an undercurrent of the sentiment that finds a voice in the "Vive la Russie!" of Parisian mobs just now. Apart from this defect, the story is by no means worthy of the author of *Round the World in Eighty Days*, and is deficient in the fancy and invention that are usually so exuberantly displayed in M. Jules Verne's books. *The Savage Queen*, by Hume Nisbet (White & Co.), is a romance of the early days of settlement in Tasmania, when colonial society was chiefly composed of convicts, bushrangers, officials connected with prisons, guardians of the peace—some of whom are represented as not less disorderly and unprincipled than the rogues over whom they are set in authority. Mr. Nisbet's book comprises some picturesque scenes vigorously presented; but his story is somewhat loosely constructed, and is much less attractive than are certain of his romances that are wholly "fancy free" in inspiration. *Prairie and Bush*, by George Dunderdale (Sampson Low & Co.), appears to be a collection of personal reminiscences of a wandering life in many parts of the world, chiefly, it seems, in Illinois, and in Australia during the early days of the gold fever. The writer's varied experience is effectively set forth in his anecdotes of wild life in primitive society. He is a good story-teller, and knows how to make the dead past live again. *Tarbucket and Pipeclay*, by Major Percy Groves (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is the story of a midshipman's life a century since, when there was no lack of fighting on the seas, such as the author has depicted in this stirring book of adventures. Major Groves, however, does not overload his story with sea-fights, and is laudably sober and discreet in his pictures of naval engagements.

Compared with that diverting comedy of humours, *The Squirrel Inn*, the series of sketches Mr. Frank Stockton entitles *The Rudder Grangers Abroad* (Sampson Low & Co.), appear to be decidedly of a thin and strained kind of humour. The diversions of Pomona and Euphemia in Europe move us to a little inward murmuring that is not very closely allied to mirth. Pomona's little joke at Chester, about the old wall built by Julius Cæsar "before the Romans became Catholics," is a good example of Mr. Stockton's humour in this volume. And you do not have much of this, such as it is, and the tone of pleasantry on the whole is far more artificial. The "old verger" jest (p. 36) is a fine old survival that we hail with delight, if only that it is pleasant indeed to find an American humourist "conveying" jokes from the *John Bull*. Mr. Henry C. Ewart's *Toilers in Art* (Isbister & Co.) is an interesting and well-illustrated volume devoted to sketches of the lives of some eighteen artists, many of whom, such as Bewick, F. Walker, Pinwell, Frederick Shields, Oskar Pietsch, C. H. Bennett, F. Eltze, and Mr. Tenniel, have achieved fame as book-illustrators. *The Biography of a Locomotive*, by Henry Frith (Cassell & Co.), is a story "founded on fact," that illustrates the perils that beset the life of an engine-driver. The incidents of the story are exciting enough, though the author remarks of them that "none is impossible," in spite of the imaginary setting he has provided. Mr. Ascott Hope deals with facts in *Redskin and Paleface* (Hogg), "facts as thrillingly romantic as any tales of fiction," and has compiled a very readable selection of episodes of American campaigns against Indians during the present century. *Silas Verney*, by Edgar Pickering (Blackie & Son), comprises the adventure of two boys, one of whom, Silas Verney, has been temporarily defrauded of his rights by the conspiracy of two rascals, a lawyer and his cousin. After a surprising succession of

dangers he is restored to his estate in a most unexpected fashion. Wonderful as the experiences of Silas are, it must be admitted that they are very naturally worked out and very plausibly presented. Altogether, this is an excellent story for boys. *The Silver Mine*, by Esmé Stuart (National Society), is "an underground story," and a capital specimen of the "mining" class of the large family of underground fiction. It is a tale of silver-mines in Devonshire—Combe Martin Mine, it may be, was in the author's view—and, as happens when old mines are reworked, wealth more handy and valuable than silver and lead fall to the prospectors of the old Doom Mine. Miss Stuart's story is thoroughly interesting and written with her accustomed brightness of style. In Mr. Yoxall's little story of a boy who lost his father in the Soudanese desert—*The Lonely Pyramid* (Blackie & Son)—there is only the record of one week's wanderings; but it is an exceedingly full week, full of wild surprises and marvels, as every boy must acknowledge. The Pyramid alone is in a fascinating invention, and the "lost oasis of the vision in the sand," a mirage that becomes solid palpable reality, is even more delightful. *The Pilgrim's Progress*, illustrated by J. D. Watson (Routledge), edited with notes by George Offor, is a handsome reprint of one of the best and most popular of gift-books. We have also received *Fifty-two Further Stories for Boys*, edited by Alfred H. Miles (Hutchinson), a collection of short tales by well-known writers, and a new edition of Mr. John Tillotson's *Pioneers of Civilization* (Hogg).

Fay Arlington, by Anne Beale (Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh), is a long, rambling story, full of painful incidents and morbid details. The heroine, Fay Arlington, is a wild French girl, who succeeds in making much mischief, and, of course, turns out to be every one's good fairy in the end. We cannot conceive any young girl being so foolish as to care to wade through this book.

The Dairymples, by Agnes Giberne (Nisbet & Co.), is another example of the trash that is written for our girls; though, as it is a well-printed book, and moreover not a long one, it may possibly pass muster.

Two Friends and a Fiddle, by Helen Shipton (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), is a really well-written and interesting story, containing many thrilling adventures which might happen to any one; not the case, as a rule, with the "thrilling" incidents which compose a story.

Fifty Pounds, a sequel to *The Green Girls of Greythorpe*, by Christabel R. Coleridge (National Society's Depository), is a pretty continuation of *The Green Girls*, and the illustrations are good.

Father Christmas's Stories, by Louise Alice Riley (John Hogg), is a collection of stories, quaintly illustrated by E. U. de Guérin, which will please children who are imaginative.

Lucky Ducks, and other Stories, by Mrs. Molesworth (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), is one of Mrs. Molesworth's usually fascinating books for children. *Tweedledum and Tweedledee*, by Mary Roding (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), is an amusing little book about twins who get in and out of their scrapes in a delightful way.

Thomas De La Rue & Co. have sent us some of their very ornamental as well as useful diaries. No. 3544, size C, is in russet leather, and contains a purse, card-case, and diary. No. 8827, size B, is a particularly useful ladies' purse and card-case with condensed diary. No. 2245, size B, design C, is a russet leather ladies' card-case and diary, embossed in gold, a lovely and useful design. No. 2110, size B, is another useful ladies' card-case and diary in plain leather. The small diaries in their leather cases make useful and pretty pocket-books for gentlemen. Of these we have two specimens, one the long, narrow-shaped, and the other quite small, square-shaped, just calculated to fit a waistcoat pocket.

There are some pretty calendars for hanging up, and we have the square-shaped engagement calendars bound in leather, which are always a useful and a pretty addition to a writing-table. The *Desk Diary*, in its neat cloth binding, edited by William Godward, F.R.A.S., size E, is to be specially commended.

Messrs. John Walker & Co.'s delightful "Back Loop" Pocket Diaries are joys for ever. They occupy little space in the pocket, and yet are convenient and pretty, and the comfort of having a real pencil in the "back loop" must be felt by all who use them. No. 3 size is a useful one, and the russet leather binding, No. 73, adds much to its attractions. The larger size, No. 7, with an elastic band, is handsome, and a small diary neatly bound in dark green cloth is to be much commended.

Letts's Scribbling Diaries of all sizes, especially those interleaved with blotting paper, are essential for the comfort of a businesslike person.

From Messrs. Prang & Co. (Boston) we have had some pretty "fine art" pictures, notably "The Prize Piggies" and "Waiting for Santa Claus," whilst in the "water-colour" studies some "Chrysanthemums in glass bowl" and "Water Lilies in blue jar," by Annie C. Nowell; "Anchored" and "Maine Lumber Schooners," by Louis K. Harlow, are attractive.

Amongst the booklets, *The Spirit of the Pine*, a Christmas masque, by Esther B. Tiffany, illustrated very prettily by William S. Tiffany; *The Winds of the Seasons*, by Frank T. Robinson, illustrated by Louis R. Harlow; and *A Christmas Morning*, by F. T. Robinson, illustrated by L. R. Harlow, are amongst the best.

E. T. W. Dennis, the Bar Library Press, Scarborough, has sent us a box of his "Dainty" Series of Christmas cards. They are small, long, folding cards, most "daintily" got up, with a little picture and text in each.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE delicate art of Watteau does not, at least in pictures, lend itself quite so well to the methods of reproduction employed in the *Artistes célèbres* (1) as in some other cases. The frontispiece, in sanguine from a drawing, is capital; and some others, also from drawings (principally from the examples in the British Museum), are very good. The portraits, again, do not come out badly. But when we come to the characteristic pictures, though M. Dargenty has wisely for the most part confined himself to reductions of engravings already executed in the last century, the effect is less good. The fancies, all air and fire (a lazy fluttering fire, but still fiery) of Watteau's work cannot survive the double loss of colour and of delicacy of touch which results from the transference to wood and stone. Nevertheless, this is one of the most interesting volumes of the series, partly because Watteau's work is by no means very common in England, and partly because of the wise and lavish reproduction of his drawings and studies, which, as we have said, bear the transfer very well indeed, and which are astonishing examples of draughtsmanship. M. Dargenty has also given the few known details of the master's life; and has altogether done his work well.

M. Jouvin's academically crowned book on the fashionable soul disease of our time (2) is rather surprisingly unacademic. Perhaps the writer has done something to bring about this result by rather cunningly extracting the more scholastic part of his thesis, and throwing it into an appendix, where the idle reader can take it or leave it. In the rest he carries on war against pessimism, and against its theological or atheological issues, in a manner which, though necessarily abstract, is decidedly lively; and ends by an odd conjectural "Conséquences du pessimisme" which is by no means without cogency. He is an ingenious person.

M. Antonin Proust (3), who is an expert in what may be called the administration of art, has done well to collect and publish his chief essays and speeches on the subject. Like other sensible Frenchmen recently, he is struck by the advance of England in technical education and accomplishment, and he attributes it to the combination of public and private effort, not to the former only.

Had M. de Wyzewa (4) known as much about the matter as M. Proust, he might have spared himself some rather silly remarks on English art in his section devoted to Mr. William Morris. In other ways, however, this notice is noteworthy, and the whole book shows, at any rate, the attempt to obtain personal knowledge of most living Socialist leaders. The result is given with too much *reportage* now and then, and not with the very newest knowledge. He seems, shocking to relate, not to have heard of the Fabian Society. But it is a useful conspectus of chiefly noisome things and persons in its way.

M. Ostrogorski is not like St. Paul; he wants to see "La femme dans le plein épanouissement de son personnalité et de sa dignité dans la sphère de la vie privée" (5). But his study of the subject is not polemic so much as historical, and he chiefly reviews in divers countries and under divers heads the successive "expandishments" of feminine personality and dignity recently. One reads him, and softly murmurs the *Ballade des dames du temps jadis*, and wonders whether "Archipiada ne Thaïs" would have been grateful to M. Ostrogorski, or whether they ought to have been. We rather think not.

We can only mention briefly two tractates, both of interest, one on the Rivalry of Æschines and Demosthenes, by M. Bigot, dean of the faculty of letters at Dijon (Paris: Bouillon), and one on *George Ville et les engrais chimiques*, by Emile Gautier (Paris: Lecène et Oudin).

We cannot precisely remember whether we have or have not seen before M. Paul Pourot's "Post-face" on *Le roman vériste*, but it is dated a year ago, and parts of it seem to be familiar to us. We are not very fond of polemic prefaces or post-faces either, but there is something in M. Pourot's. His argument for absolute naturalism as against naturalism so-called is, as usual, stronger in its offensive and destructive than in its constructive and defensive part. And his practice is better than his theory. Although *Les ventres* (6) is not in the least squeamish, and contains inserted in the middle of it a perfectly unnecessary anecdote which would delight M. Armand Silvestre, it has no abnormalities in it, and the picture depends solely on legitimate attractions. It is a story of real pathos and power, perhaps spread over a little too much space, but with no other fault save the above Silvestrian insertion and another of a Socialist strain which leads to nothing, and to us at least seems

(1) *Les artistes célèbres—Watteau*. Par G. Dargenty. Paris: Librairie de l'Art.

(2) *Le pessimisme*. Par Léon Jouvin. Paris: Perrin.

(3) *L'art sous la république*. Par Antonin Proust. Paris: Charpentier.

(4) *Le mouvement socialiste*. Par T. de Wyzewa. Paris: Perrin.

(5) *La femme au point de vue du droit public*. Par M. Ostrogorski. Paris: Rousseau.

(6) *Les ventres*. Par Paul Pourot. Paris: Tress et Stock.

very little in place. The hero, Paul Beauvais, is a sort of latter-day *buveur d'eau*, except that he has married, is half a *bourgeois*, and has but little taste even for the most innocent Bohemian amusements. He is a musician, and would be quite happy if he were allowed to dream and potter over his art. Actual need drives him into that official life which, for some reason not clearly apparent, has employed the pens of many more French than English novelists. At last we leave him, driven to the conclusion that he is a *raté* (for he has a chance, and does not bring it off), crossed in his love for a young neighbour, which is returned, but which M. Pourot has the singular courage not to bring to the usual end, half-stupefied by his work and by temporary indulgence in absinthe, expecting death, and hoping for it, his only other hope being that his child will never be, or think himself, an artist. This dismal theme is, as we have said, treated with both pathos and power; but it may be too quiet for some, and too uniformly dismal for others.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

TO the handy and well-printed series of volumes entitled "Events of Our Own Times" Mr. Archibald Forbes has contributed a book on *The Afghan Wars* (Seeley & Co.). It is composed of two distinct narratives, the first of which deals with events that occurred at the very beginning of the half-century to which the series is limited, and may be said to be, compared with the second portion, ancient history. The first Afghan war, 1839-1842, moreover, is very fully recorded in Sir John Kaye's well-known history. Since the appearance of that picturesque and "diffuse" work, as Mr. Forbes terms it, other books on the subject have been published, with fresh material that tends to modify, or correct, or supply defective points in the historian's record. Mr. Forbes has naturally employed the more recent material, and, we think, with excellent judgment on the whole. His narratives of the first war, and of the campaigns of 1878-1880, conveniently described as the second Afghan war, are eminently readable and spirited. The military operations are set forth with clearness and in an animated style. The oft-told story of the lamentable evacuation of the Cabul cantonments, the horrible massacre in the Koord Cabul pass and the Teseen valley, and the masterly advance of Sir George Pollock on Cabul after the relief of Jellalabad, must always prove impressive, however told, and in Mr. Forbes's narrative it is admirably effective by reason of the concentrated method of the author's description. The more recent and familiar events of the last war are also skillfully condensed. As printed side by side in the same volume the various points in which the history of the second war is a repetition of that of the first are, of course, placed in the strongest light, and it is natural to a certain kind of observer to carry the suggested parallel so far as to conclude that both were impolitic and both fruitless. Enterprises that have involved disasters are not likely to find apologists. Mr. Forbes, it is true, is emphatic in distinguishing between the assassination of a British Resident, accredited under a treaty, as Sir Louis Cavagnari was, and the murder of an envoy holding the very different position that Sir Alexander Burnes held. And, of course, the commendation of Lord Auckland's action in the one crisis is equally due to Lord Lytton's promptitude in the other. But is it not rather a superficial view that regards both wars as ineffectual and suggestive of nothing but an argument for non-intervention in Afghan affairs? It was natural at the time to think that the "masterly inactivity" policy of Lawrence and others was vindicated by the first war, and it is plausible to point out, as Mr. Forbes does, that after these wars the frontier of Afghanistan is still on the right side of Herat, that a descendant of Dost Mahomed—whom Mr. Forbes, following Sir William Macnaghten's custom, calls "the Dost"—rules at Cabul, and that Abdurrahman, in fact, holds Herat, Candahar, and Cabul within his empery. It were quite as reasonable to attribute these results to our policy of intervention as to argue that, these things being very much what they were before the war, they must have remained so in the long run, if non-intervention had been our policy and Russian intrigue allowed a free hand. Mr. Forbes's book is illustrated by excellent portraits of Sir Frederick Roberts, Sir George Pollock, Sir Louis Cavagnari, and the Ameer Abdurrahman, and useful plans of battlefields and siege operations.

"The number of novels bearing upon occult phenomena is quite a sign of the times," says the thoughtful and meditative Harriet Stanton, in Mr. William Kingsland's "tale of two incarnations," *The Mystic Quest* (George Allen). We had not, we confess, marked this particular sign of the times as significant, or "writ large," in passing fiction, which is, perhaps, not surprising, considering the multiplicity of such signs. If such novels abound, it is certain they are of a very different order from Mr. Kingsland's story. Probably they are stories of spiritualism, hypnotism, spooks, and psychical research, and the term "occult phenomena" is used by the learned and speculative Harriet with a generous inclusiveness of less enlightened illuminati. People who are dissatisfied with the dead matter and blind force with which the average scientist would inspire their lives and fire their souls may find much to interest them in Mr. Kingsland's ingenious volume. As a story, indeed, *The Mystic Quest* does not amount to much; but it serves as a medium for very serious and mystical dialogue

in exposition of the writer's occultism, the doctrine of progressive incarnation, and other dark matters. For example, the question of the transference of consciousness in sleep to a higher plane of activity is discussed (chap. viii.) from various points of view and with considerable insight. The worst of the business is that just as you arrive at the threshold of the mystical quest and are led to believe that knowledge is about to be poured out, you are confronted by a *ne plus ultra*. Thus the teacher warns the pupil (p. 126) that he will not speak of what he knows except to his fellow "initiates"; "you will find as you progress that it becomes a matter of difficulty for you to disclose to others what you have learned, because in the very nature of the case you would not be understood." Such is the heavy burden of occult knowledge.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's light and chatty essays are presented in pocket volume form in the very pretty book entitled *As We Were Saying* (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.), and illustrated with a capital portrait of the author, and clever vignettes and tail-pieces by Harry Witney, McVickar, and others. The binding is neat, and the type and paper are excellent.

Mr. F. S. Granger's introductory manual, *Psychology* (Methuen & Co.) is distinguished by the clearness of definition and precision of method that should mark an elementary treatise on mental phenomena and mental development. In illustrating the subject by facts drawn from common experience, the author has set an excellent example to other compilers or authors of "University Extension" class-books, which are too often confused in arrangement and far too technical in style.

Mr. H. S. Beresford-Webb's *German Military and Naval Reading-Book* (Percival & Co.) is a selection, with notes, from modern German authors—naval or military historians and novelists—that is admirably adapted to the requirements of candidates for army and other examinations, for whom it is compiled. In every instance the choice of subject—there are fifteen extracts in all—is unimpeachable, and the notes supply all that is needed in explanation of technical terms or syntax.

Clouds of Black and Gold, by E. de Séran (Digby & Long), is a story made up of sensational elements that have long since been worn thin by too insistent use. There is nothing new in the young lady who would sacrifice herself in marriage to shield an erring parent, nor in the plotting of a bigamist, a sham priest and others, nor in any of the familiar inventions adopted by the author.

The Hôtel d'Angleterre, and Other Stories, by Lanoe Falconer (Fisher Unwin), comprises four or five extremely slight and in no way remarkable sketches. The old poetic subject, "Love at First Sight," has never, to our knowledge, been treated with so complete a disregard of nature and art as in the first of these stories.

The Red Maskers, by G. Bianca Harvey (Digby & Long), is "a Parisian intrigue," narrated by a young lady who describes herself as "a born *intrigante*," whose beauty and wit captivate a mysterious Russian Prince of Nihilistic views, who is pleased to address her as *ma chérie*. He is connected with a secret society, a sort of Council of Forty, who meet underground, clothed in the operatic garb of Mephistopheles, mystic, wonderful. These persons examine others that are suspect by the light of "candles stuck in bottles." Among other merry pranks, they hypnotize the Parisian police and convey them to this gloomy vault when they need information. The born *intrigante*, after detailing the "terrible vows" of the conspirators, proceeds to explain that she has not broken the oath she took, "as neither the words," reported as having been uttered, "nor the people described, are in the least like the real facts"; which, indeed, we do not doubt is the truth.

The "phrenological experiment" described by Mr. James Greenwood in *Jaleberd's Bumps* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) concerns the benevolent attempt to reform a convicted thief by a scientific and practical application of the theories of Gall and Spurzheim. The efforts of a warm-hearted doctor to compass this excellent end involve him in very unpleasant consequences and some humorous situations. Despite its extravagance, the story is diverting.

We have received *The Days of Queen Mary*, a new edition, illustrated (Religious Tract Society); *Consider the Lilies*, Hymns and Poems, by W. C. Gannett and F. L. Hosmer (Glasgow: Bryce); *A Short Historical Grammar of the German Language*, translated and adapted from Professor Behaghel's "Deutsche Sprache," by Emil Trechmann (Macmillan & Co.); *An Introduction to the Arabic of Morocco*, an English-Arabic vocabulary, with grammar, notes, and practical hints to students, by J. E. Budgett-Meakin (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); and *A Grammar of the Khassi Language*, by the Rev. H. Roberts, vol. xxi. of "Trübner's Simplified Grammars" (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.)

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of M.S. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of M.S. sent in and not acknowledged.

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